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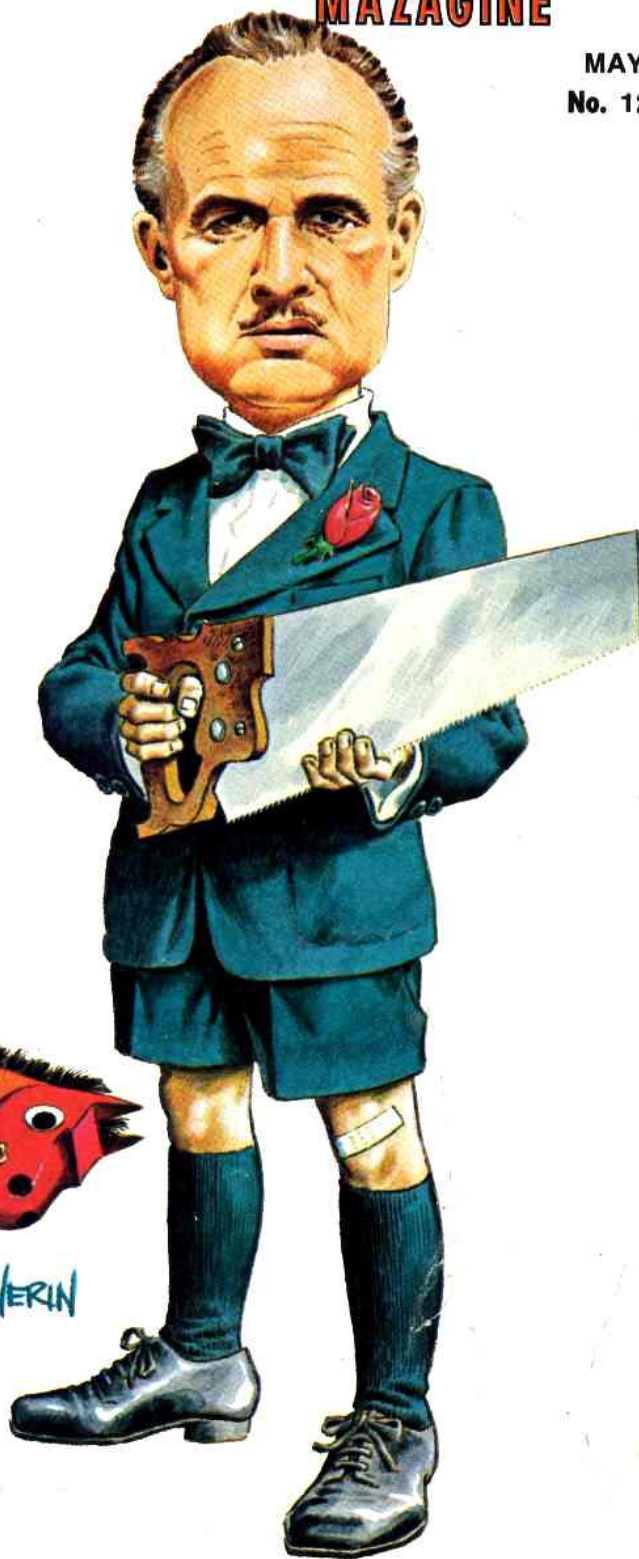
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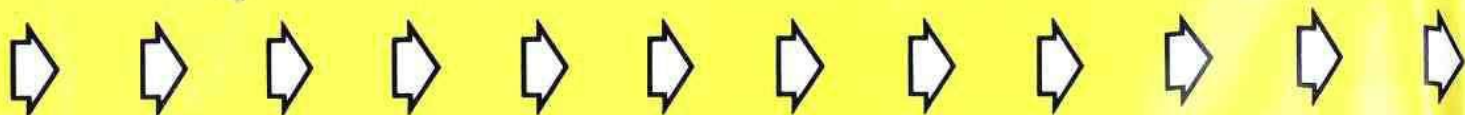
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WE HORSE  
AROUND WITH

The Godfodder



# IMPO

# MES





# CRACKED

THE WORLD'S  
HUMOREST  
FUNNY  
MAGAZINE

MAY 1975

NO. 124



WHAT'S UP FRONT  
OUR COVER

ROBERT C. SPROUL, editor and publisher

JOE CATALANO, GEORGE GLADIR,  
I. KANTWRIGHT, writers  
JOHN SEVERIN, BILL WARD, DON  
OREHEK, SURURI GUMEN, CHARLES  
RODRIGUES, artists  
WEDOAN AVEONE, pruphe reedre  
SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, janitor

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Carefully detach complete cover at  
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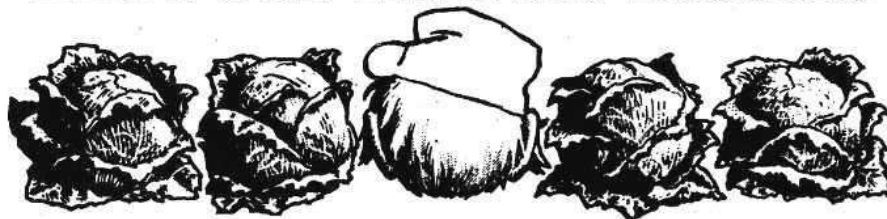
Well, Sylvester, look what that kid  
did to your rocking horse. But  
don't get upset, just smile cause  
you don't wanta messa with him!!



## IMPORTANT MESSAGE



# LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I very much enjoyed Nanny Dickering's interview with the Restaurant King because my father owns a restaurant. I want to tell you that in a month and a half I bought 6 magazines and 4 books. I am taking them overseas so my relatives can enjoy them. So please don't let me miss new magazines. **SELL THEM IN LEBANON!**

Allen Shaheen

**We'd like to sell Cracked in Lebanon but we have trouble dealing with the Lebanese. They've all got sloppy handwriting.**

Dear CRACKED,

I would like to tell you how I got my first CRACKED Magazine. I went down to my local store to browse around the magazine rack and I saw CRACKED magazine. I picked it up, looked in it and it looked good. So I bought it, loved it and now I subscribe to it.

Jim Franklin  
Payette, Idaho

Dear Jim,

Thanks for telling us how you got your first CRACKED. We wish it was

as easy for us to get ours. Unfortunately, all the newsstands close up when they see us coming.

Dear Editor,

When in the publications industry, you must keep in mind one thing—you lack etiquette. Tell Sylvester P. Smythe (your private sanitation worker) that instead of the polka-dotted rag, he should use a proper blue or white handkerchief.

One last note to the readers. When holding the magazine keep your little finger up in proper fashion.

Paul Edward Halley I  
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Paul,

**Sylvester said it was a white one but he dropped it in a bucket of polka-dot paint.**

Dear Editor,

You have the best magazine around. All my friends read it and I do too. I liked your July issue when you CRACKED up Cannon. Please say hi to everyone in Port Colborne.

Tony Palmar  
Port Colborne, Ont., Canada

Dear Tony,

**I would love to but I can't remember everyone's name.**

Dear CRACKED,

Your mag is really dumb but makes the greatest sandwich since Aunt Rubert's mayonnaise and TV Guides sandwich. Thanks for a great meal! I just finished my third one. Now you'll be with me forever.

Cynthia Haffy III

P.S. I'll bet your writer's do all the letters! I'll bet you're just going to throw this away. Well, you might not put it in CRACKED but try it on two pieces of rye with mustard. It's really good. (I'm not kidding.)

Dear Cynthia,

**You know, your letter was tasty. But Lettuce from our readers on rye with**

**mustard sure isn't my idea of a great lunch.**

Dear CRACKERD Jacks,

The "Inept-One Factor" (CR #120) was so funny I died laughing! I also died when I read "The Six Billion Dollar Man!" They were both great. In fact the whole magazine was great.

Jess R. Perez  
Hollywood, Calif.

Hey Jess,

**For one guy, you're doing a lot of dying.**

Dear CRACKED People,

Your article on 'American Car Daffy' (CRACKED #121) was super. It had to be one of the best out of the hundreds of great ones you do.

P.S. Who thinks up your names for your articles?

Jeff Hochreiter  
Massillon, Ohio

Dear Jeff,

**Our First Vice President in Charge of Thinking-Up Titles for CRACKED Articles.**

Dear CRACKED,

I have been a reader of your magazine for three years now, and I just love it! But, my Mom says if I don't stop reading your mag I really will CRACK! Do you think this could happen?

Jeff English  
Lock Haven, Pa.

Dear Jeff,

**Heh! Heh! Heh! She should know—she used to be one of our greatest subscribers!**

Dear CRACKED,

Wow! Your FREE Iron-On in the 'Planet With The Apes' book is fantastic. I've never seen a real Iron-On that really works right, in a magazine before. I put it on my jacket and it looks far-out. Where can I get more?

Janet Rogers  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Janet,

**Glad you liked it; we knew you would! We will be selling them soon in our magazine, so keep looking.**

Dear CRACKED,

I have bought several magazines, trying to learn and practice my English, but really I found that CRACKED was the funniest magazine I ever read! I thank you so much, CRACKED. Now I





can have a magazine double-barreled for me . . . learn English & enjoy your jokes. Adelante amigos.

Manuel S. Fernandez H.  
Colombia, South America

Dear Manuel,

We'z glad u like CRACKED. But for lernin inglush we ain't too sur if'n itsa good ida to use aur mazagine, cause yer inglysh is gooder than aurs rite now!

Dear CRACKED,

This is to notify you that I CRACKED up when I saw 'The gorilla of my dreams' in your 'PLANET WITH THE APES'. It's the exact picture of my mother-in-law. I just died laughing—you'll probably die too since she's gonna sue you.

George Baily  
Flint, Michigan

Dear George,

No problem—we're sure we'll be able to pay her off in bananas!

Dear Editor,

As an avid golfer, I was extremely humored by 'A CRACKED LOOK AT GOLF,' CRACKED #123. How about a guide on how to play golf? I'm sure it would be hilarious.

Jim Ozimok  
Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Jim,

You'd better believe it! The last time we played golf we ruined 3 ball-point pens addressing the ball!

Dear CRACKED,

In your article, 'Beaujack,' CRACKED #122, Kojak turns out to be Serpico. If this is true, how come they are both on the cover? Boy, what dummies!

Jim Jankowski  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Jim,

That's right—you guessed it! One of the guys on the front cover is a dummy!! Can you guess which one?

Dear CRACKED,

That satire on 'The Three Mascoteers'\* was outstanding, fantas-

tic, fabulous, stupendous, super, tremendous and good, even!

\*#121

Paul L. Wishengrad  
Audubon, Pa.

Dear Paul,

Sorry you didn't like it.

Dear CRACKED,

We speak on behalf of all the rest of us cabbage heads. You guys are always callin us Lettuce Heads: we are Cabbage Heads! If you call us Lettuce Heads we'll . . . uh . . . er . . . uh. I don't know what we'll do! Please call us Brussel Sprouts (or was that Cabbage Heads?), I can't tell the difference, can you? But anyhow, let me make this perfectly clear—we are NOT Lettuce Heads!

Your Loyal Brussel Sprouts,  
(or was that cabbage?)

Nancy Thiel  
Lisa Wolf

—and friends

Anchorage, Alaska

Dear Brussel Sprouts,

We didn't know that lettuce, cabbage or brussel sprouts grew in Alaska—then Sylvester said, "Sure they do; where do you think our frozen vegetables come from?"

Dear CRACKED,

In your article 'The Far-Out Four,' the 4 heroes are in the sky over Washington, but they don't have wings—what's keeping them up there?

Susan Stokes  
Melborne, Florida

Dear Sue,

Washington's main industrial by-product . . . HOT AIR!

Dear CRACKED,

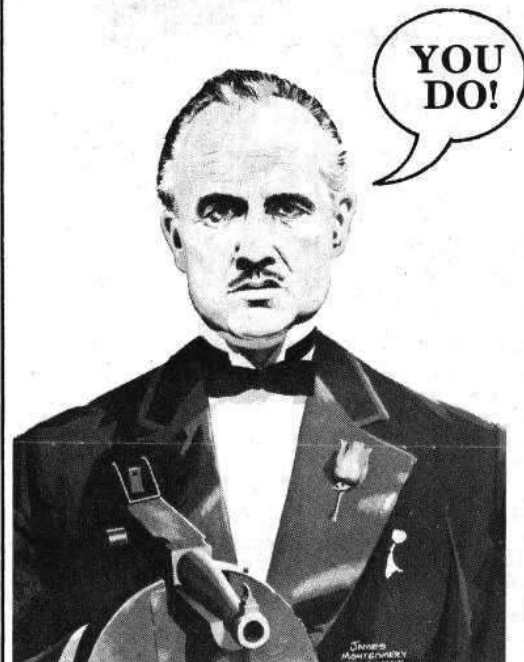
I love your magazine. I think it is terrific and wonderful and perfect. But please write something about 'Good Times.' Please . . .

Caridad Hernandez  
Union City, N.J.

Dear Caridad,

O.K.—"Something About Good Times." If you keep reading CRACKED you'll have lotsa good times!

# WHAT KIND OF MAN READS CRACKED



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large laughs?

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**NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #125**  
**ON SALE AT YOUR**  
**FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**  
**MARCH 11th**

**The Godfather, Part I, was a tremendous smash and the sequel seems to be doing equally well. So naturally, they'll probably make a third, fourth, fifth, etc., part. Well, as they do, the leads that die will have to be replaced with new actors who are not quite as right for the part. Yes, if they keep on going, sooner or later we'll see a film like the following when they get up to**

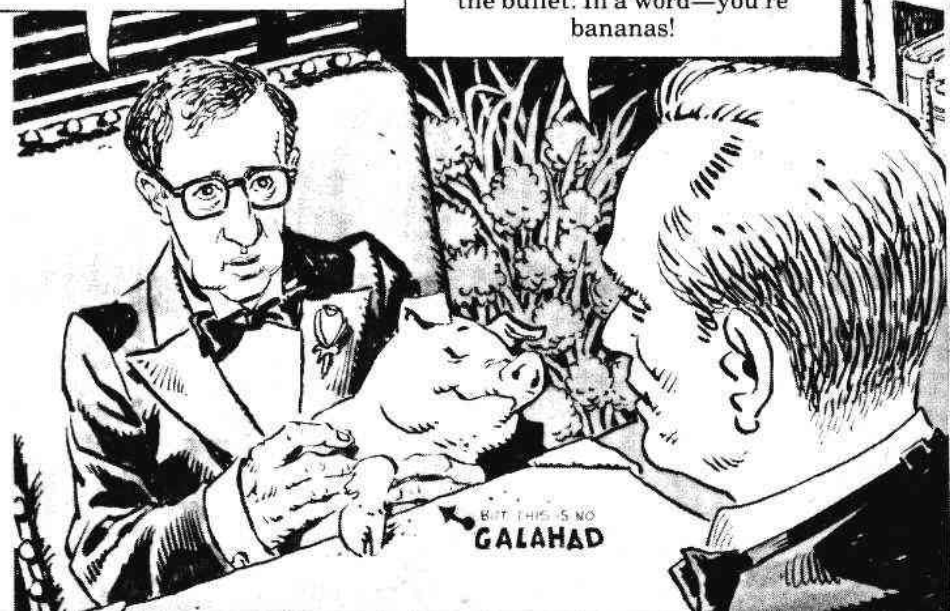
# THE GODFODDER, PART XXIII

*Seymour Redley*

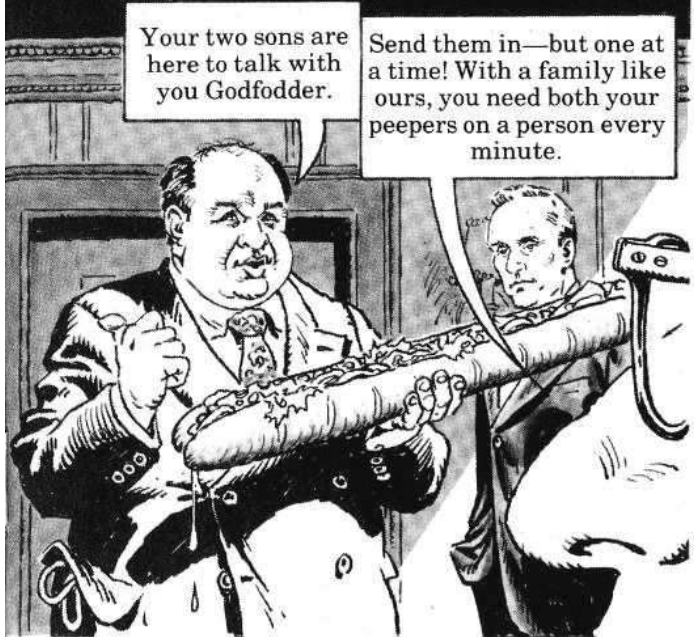
Godfodder, in the past I was counselor to all your predecessors from Marlon Brando and Al Pacino through Dennis Weaver in Part XX. I helped them and I could reason with them, but you—you are impossible—your requests are ludicrous.

All I ask is that after one of our hit men completes the job, he should try and recover the bullet. Our overhead is just too high!

But Godfodder, it's very hard to make a quick escape if after shooting someone you have to rummage through the body for the bullet. In a word—you're bananas!







Your two sons are here to talk with you Godfodder.

Send them in—but one at a time! With a family like ours, you need both your peepers on a person every minute.

O.K. Bruno, what's the matter now?

I wanna an assignment. I'ma done witha school and ready to goa ina da business.

But you're not supposed to graduate for another year! How'd you do it?



Brains!

HAVE YOU ENEMIES? WE AIM TO PLEASE

Brains? You haven't got any!

But my principla, he has. And I told him if I no graduate, they'd be a smooshed all over da office.



Alright. You can cover the new territory.

Hey, datsa great—but I'll needa a blanket, won't I? Or a biga piece a plastic?

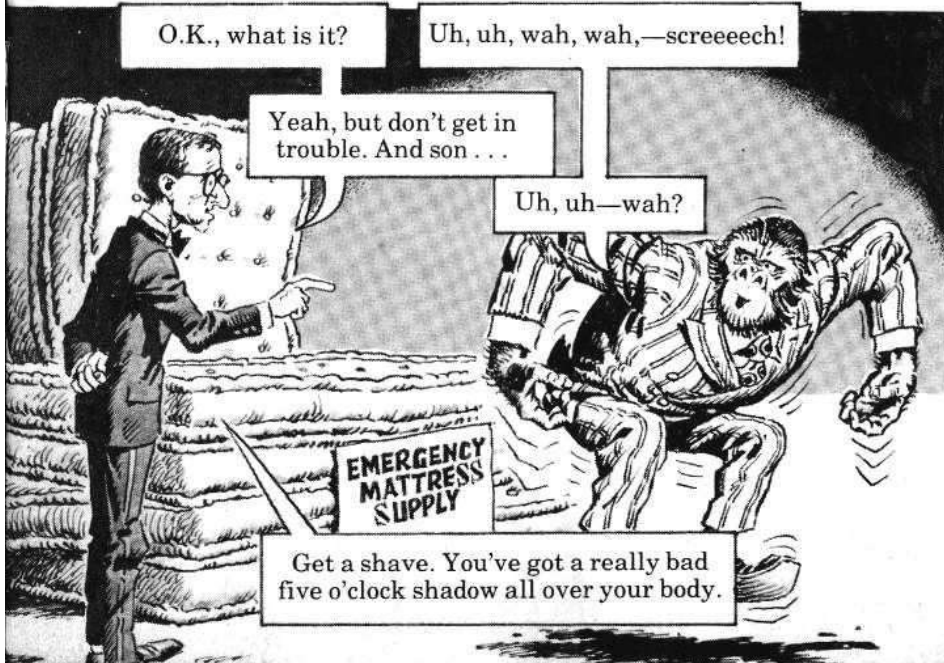
Cut the jokes Bruno.

O.K., give me a scissor.



Want me to send in your second son?

Yeah—show the gorilla in.



O.K., what is it?

Uh, uh, wah, wah,—screeeech!

Yeah, but don't get in trouble. And son...

Uh, uh—wah?

Get a shave. You've got a really bad five o'clock shadow all over your body.



Godfodder—Bruno's on the phone.

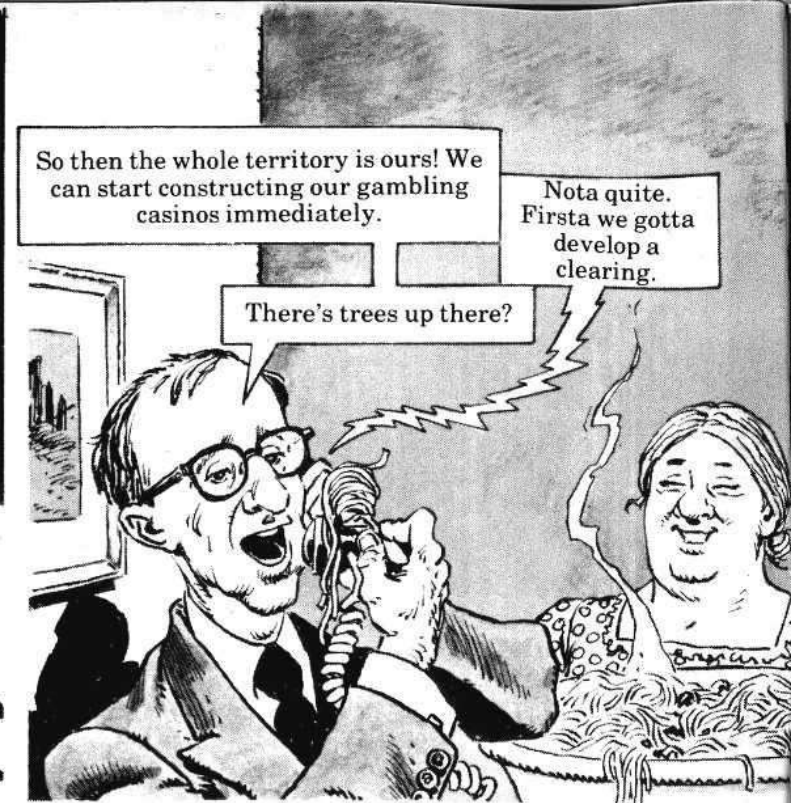
Oh great! How's the new territory doing?



Well, so fara there's beena very fewa people to rub out.

Why's that?

Deres nobody up here.



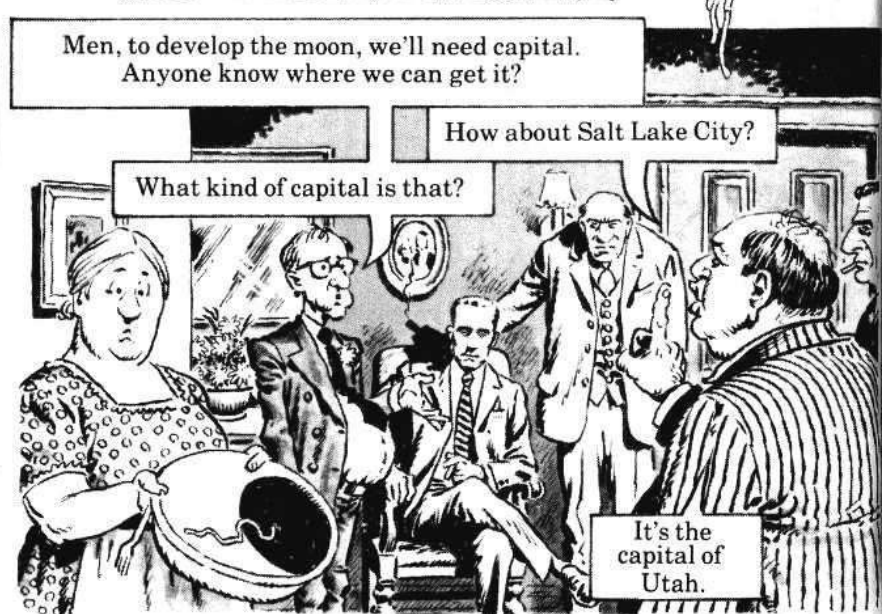
So then the whole territory is ours! We can start constructing our gambling casinos immediately.

Nota quite. Firsta we gotta develop a clearing.

There's trees up there?



No, litter! Alla the rubble from past space shots, she's a all over the place.



Men, to develop the moon, we'll need capital. Anyone know where we can get it?

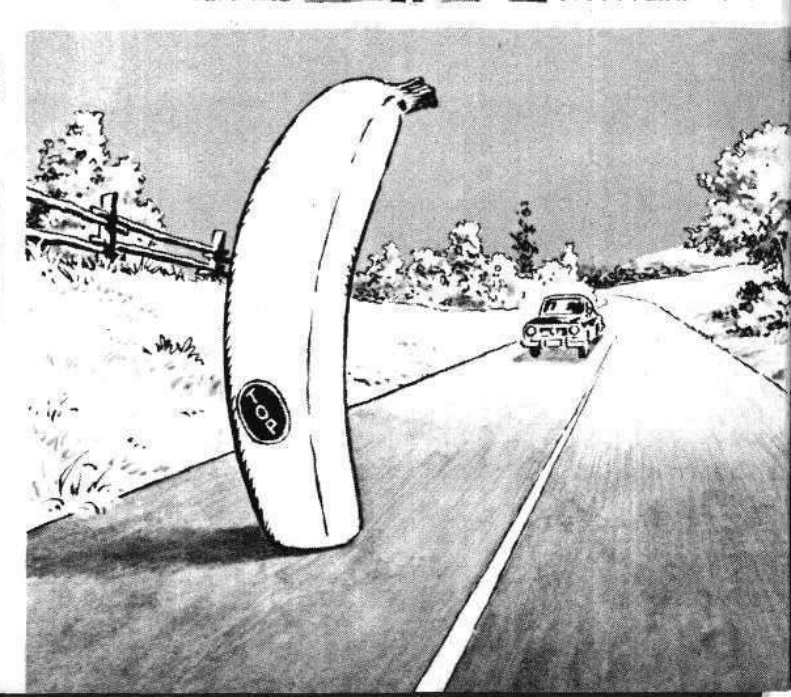
How about Salt Lake City?

What kind of capital is that?

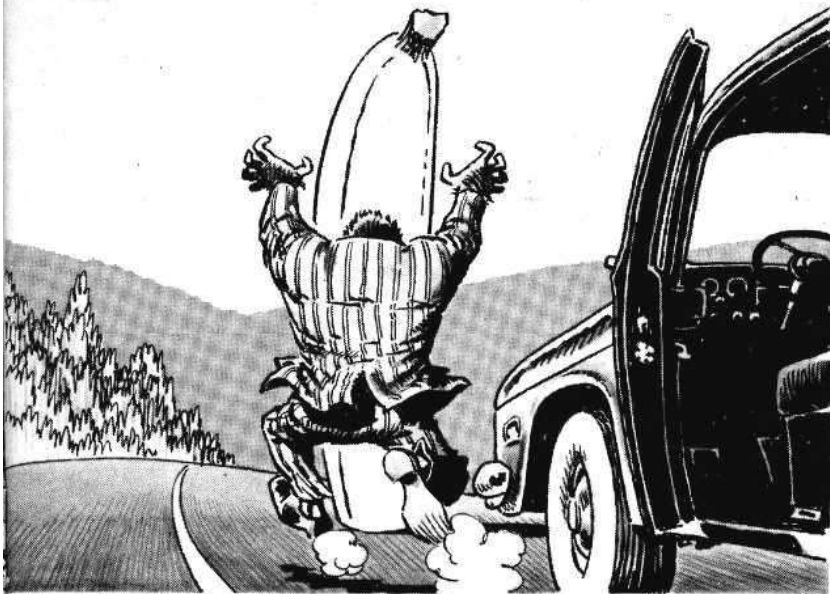
It's the capital of Utah.



You're so strong. You're the gorilla of my dreams.







Maybe we can borrow money from one of the other families. We've done them alot of solids. How about the Linguini's?

We liquidated them in Godfodder, Part V.

The Antipasto family?

They accidentally drowned while washing the dishes in Part XII.

It'll never work.

We're the owners.

Why not?

That explains why the interest is so high.

Isn't there anybody left to borrow from?

How about the 23rd National Savings Bank?

They charge 20% interest on loans and don't give a free gift.

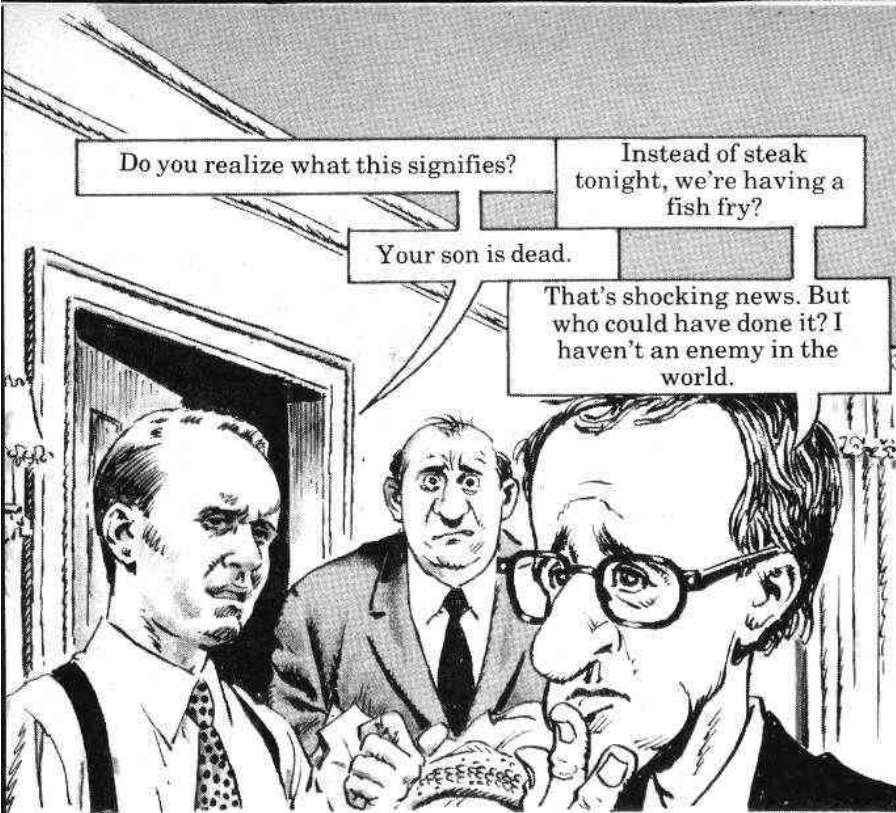
YELLOW PAGES

Well then let's make the owners of the bank an offer they can't refuse.

Godfodder, someone sent us this dead fish wrapped in newspaper.

Couldn't they have at least used today's edition! I read this already!

DEY GOT ME!



Do you realize what this signifies?

Instead of steak tonight, we're having a fish fry?

Your son is dead.

That's shocking news. But who could have done it? I haven't an enemy in the world.



Godfodder, those 36 people you wanted rubbed out—it's done!

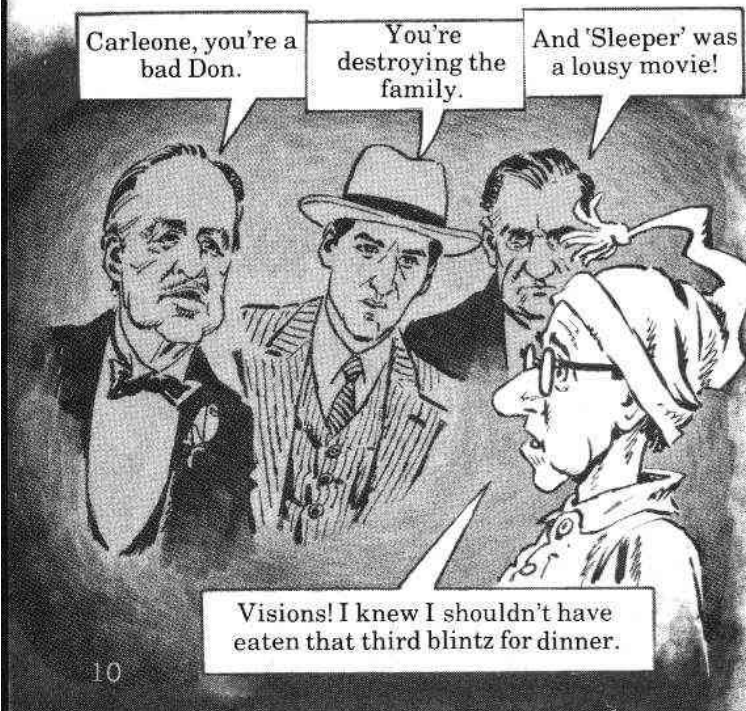
Well, maybe one or two enemies!



If you'll excuse me, I'm going to bed.

The news of his son's death must have really upset him that he's going up to bed.

What upset? It's 2 a.m.!!

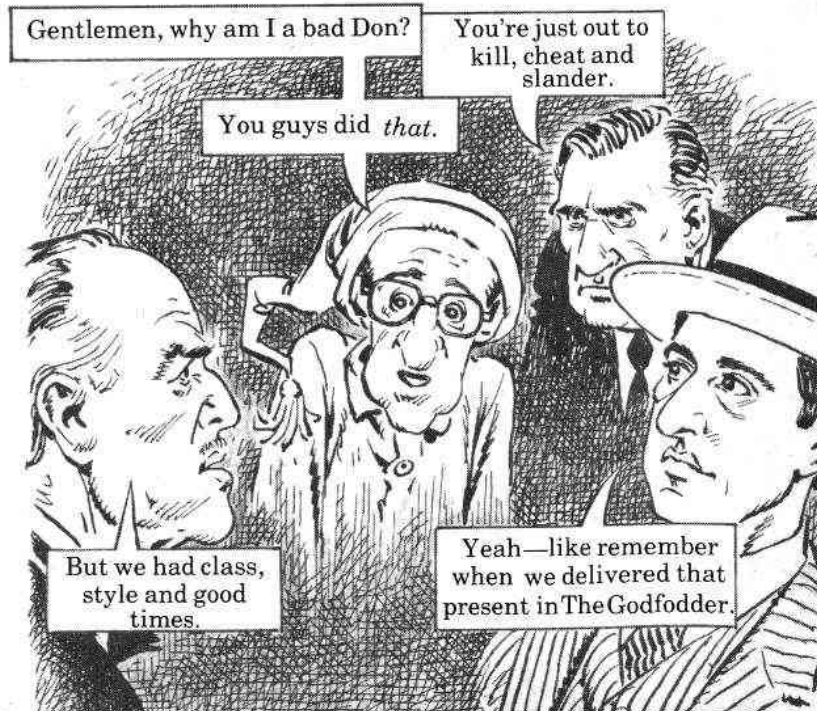


Carleone, you're a bad Don.

You're destroying the family.

And 'Sleepers' was a lousy movie!

Visions! I knew I shouldn't have eaten that third blintz for dinner.



Gentlemen, why am I a bad Don?

You're just out to kill, cheat and slander.

You guys did that.

But we had class, style and good times.

Yeah—like remember when we delivered that present in The Godfodder.

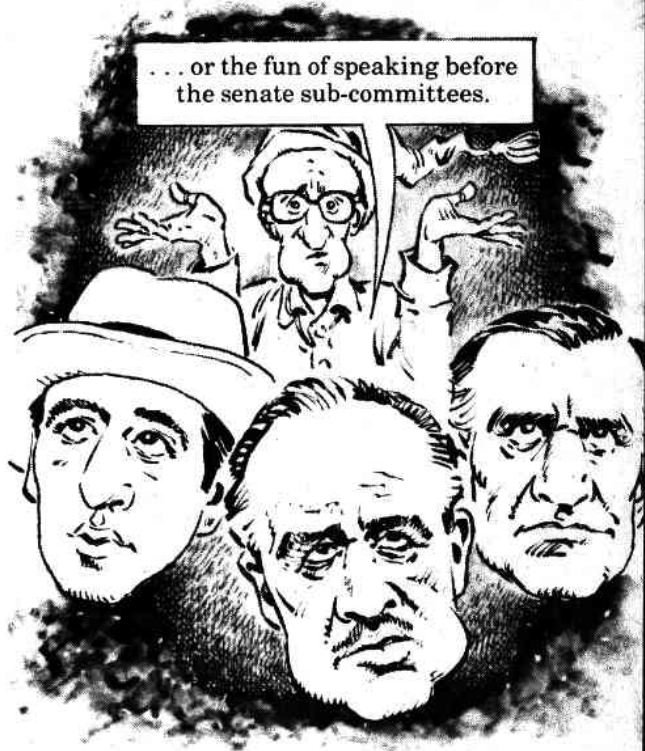




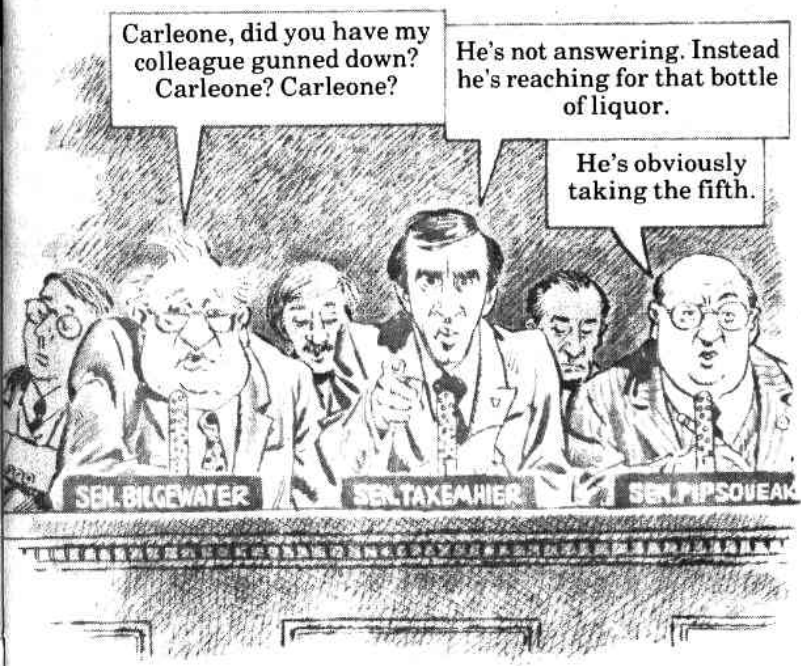
My horse! Look at it! Those animals! Do you know what this means?

What's the matter?

It means every close race he runs from now on, he'll probably lose by a head!



... or the fun of speaking before the senate sub-committees.



Carleone, did you have my colleague gunned down? Carleone? Carleone?

He's not answering. Instead he's reaching for that bottle of liquor.

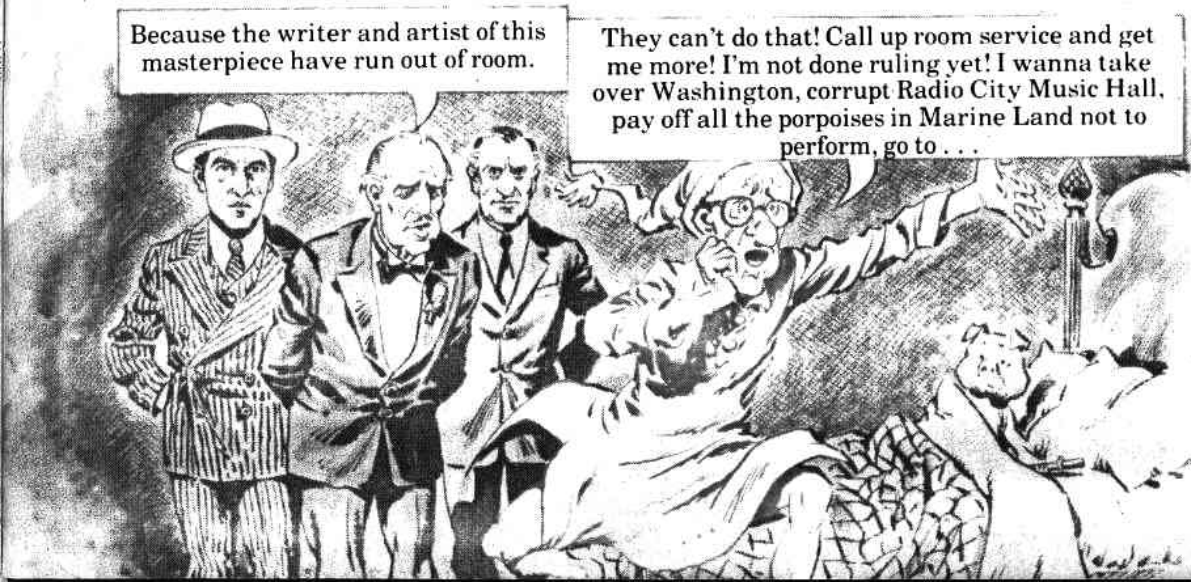
He's obviously taking the fifth.

But despite me, the Godfodder can go on forever. We've got politicians on the payroll, cops on the take and judge's in our pockets.

That may be true, but I'm afraid your days as Godfodder are definitely coming to an end.



An end? But Great Don, WHY?



Because the writer and artist of this masterpiece have run out of room.

They can't do that! Call up room service and get me more! I'm not done ruling yet! I wanna take over Washington, corrupt Radio City Music Hall, pay off all the porpoises in Marine Land not to perform, go to ...

You end this article and you guys are finished... you're dead... you're... quick—get their names before we disappear.



Each night while you're sitting in front of your television set, do you keep asking yourself "I wonder how the boob tube got to where it is today?" You don't! Well, this evening perhaps you'd better because the answer is coming up within this next article, entitled...

# THE CRACKED HISTORY OF TELEVISION

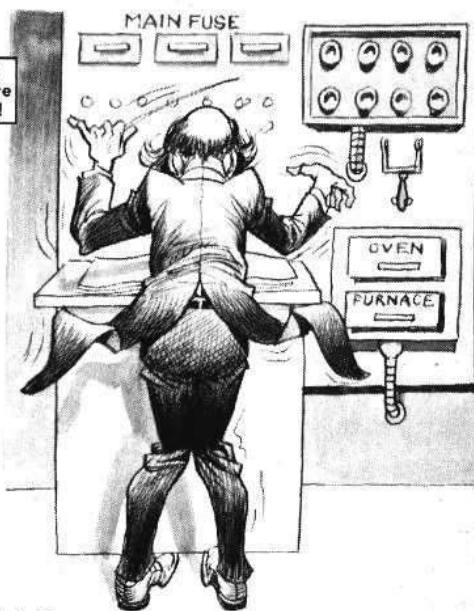
Television really has no one inventor, for it was developed part by part over a twenty-year span.

The invention of the picture tube came about when Louis May discovered a conductor of electricity.

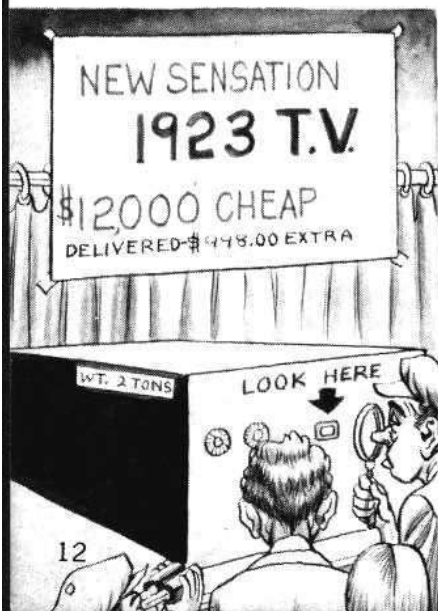


During the 20's, Baird and Jenkins attempted to market television. However, many upon seeing its size, knew it would be hard to sell.

Finally, the modern home receiver came about in 1939 and families purchasing it pressed hard to find room in their homes for it.



Initially, there was a fear that an abnormal amount of radiation would be given off by early sets, but this proved to be false as the picture below shows.





Crude color television was first experimented with as early as 1948.



It was also in 1948 that another phenomenon came along.

In a moment we'll return to our program, but first a word from Mother Meyer's Moustache Wax.

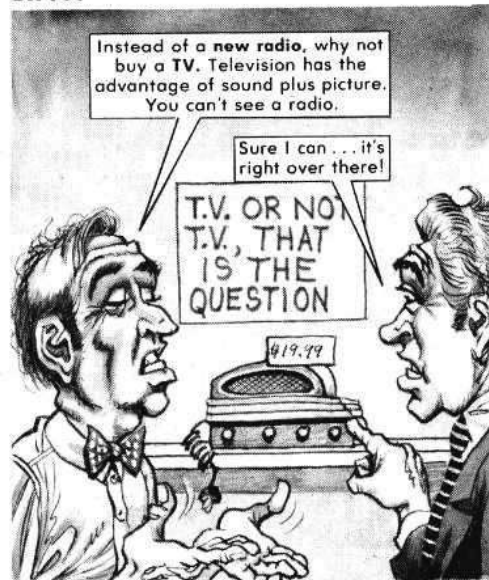


But as the novelty wore off, audiences soon became more demanding.

All right, Sir Richard, put your hands up! I'm taking you back to Queen Culpepper's castle.



At first television did not catch on...



Yes, television was here and people adjusting their roof antennas for good reception became a common sight.



As the industry grew, so did its innovations and in the mid-50's came another phenomenon.

O.K., Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.



You guessed it... the rerun!

But in 1948 a cultural phenomenon came along that sold more TV's than anything else. Was it Van Cliburn at the piano, you ask?

No, it was me, Milton Berle, in a dress!

MOST FAT PEOPLE HAVE A VAST WAISTLAND



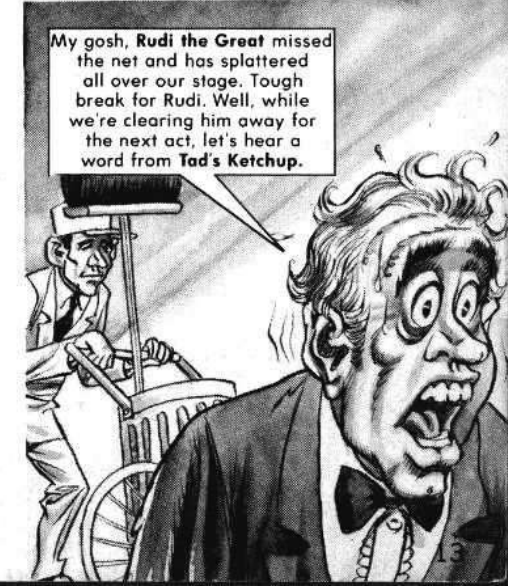
At first, people fascinated by the new invention, would watch anything.

O.K., Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.

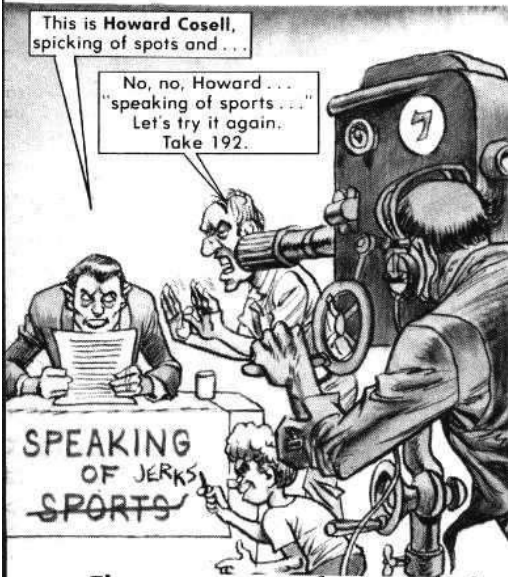


In the beginning, most shows were done live, letting audiences experience all of the medium's funny little mistakes.

My gosh, Rudi the Great missed the net and has splattered all over our stage. Tough break for Rudi. Well, while we're clearing him away for the next act, let's hear a word from Tad's Ketchup.



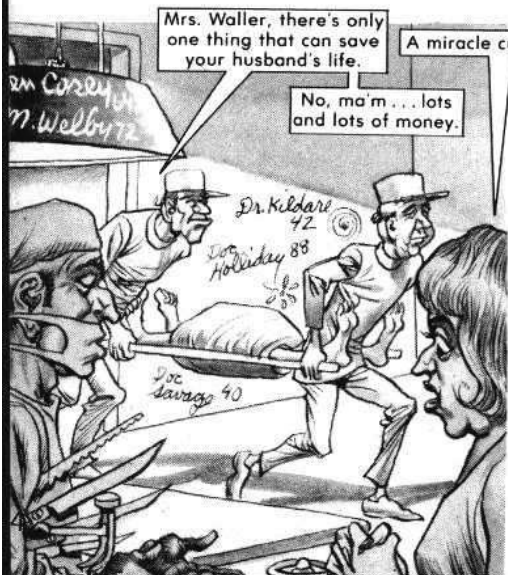
But soon, spontaneity left as shows were taped. Now programs could be done over and over until right.



The race was on for material as TV searched everywhere to adapt new series.



...dramatic medical shows...



In the 50's, television took off via *situation comedies* where one person always seemed to be the brunt of the humor.



The reason...



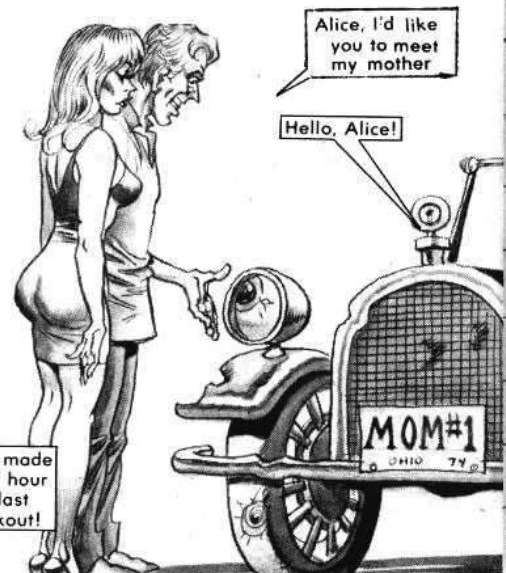
...and sporting events which many said were completely changed by the addition of television.



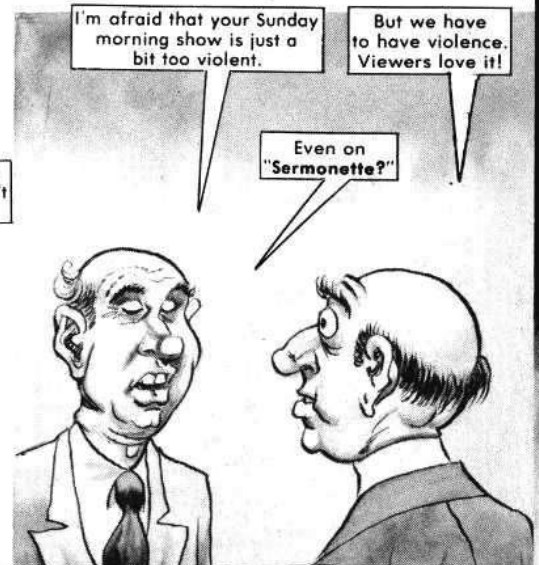
And the 50's ended with one comedy, "*I Love Lucy*," leaving the air after being No. 1 for 8 years. Came the 60's and executives searched vigorously for a show to replace "*Lucy*."



So networks began televising unique programming to capture a greater audience ... like sophisticated situation comedies...

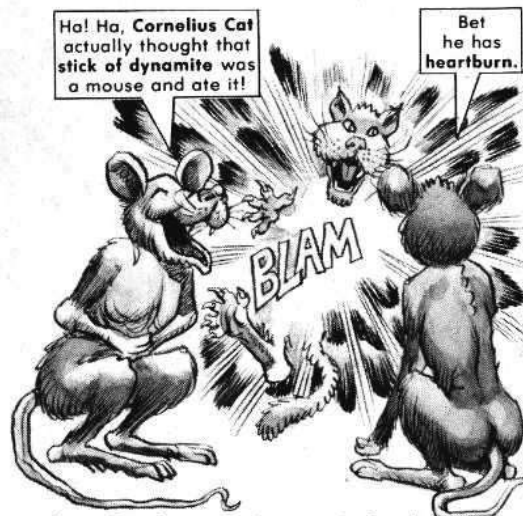


As the 60's progressed, new trends were evident and the FCC began to attack various aspects of television broadcasting.





**Children's shows were also said to be violent.**



**And in the late 60's, P.B.S. (Public Broadcasting System) which was completely free of commercials, made its debut. Reactions were mixed.**



**And likewise it is being experimented with the telephone.**



**People also complained that TV lacked depth, intelligence and stimulation, so the creators went back to the drawing boards, added the missing ingredients and came up with...**



**But besides commercial TV, the media has triumphed in other ways. Closed circuit TV has been helpful in monitoring shoplifters.**



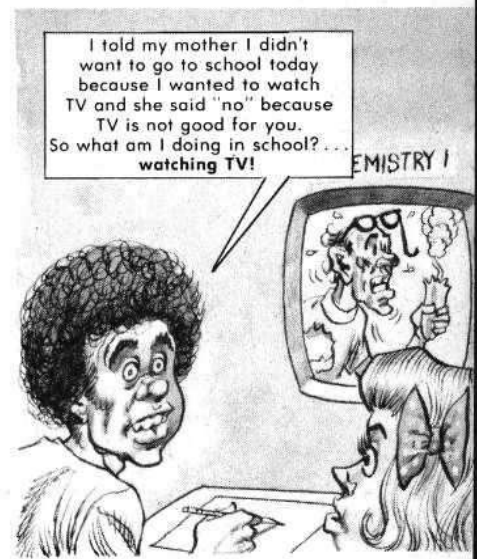
**And what of TV of the future? Well, we believe we'll have much bigger screens.**



**And executives claimed that they were trying their best to bring about diversified programming.**



**And as an audio-visual aid in classrooms.**



**And as for the programming on that screen...**



By now the settling of international squabbles has become very humdrum and routine for Henry Kissinger. Inevitably, the world's greatest diplomat will be looking for new fields to conquer. CRACKED wonders . . .

# WHAT WILL SUPER K DO WHEN HE LEAVES THE GOVERNMENT?

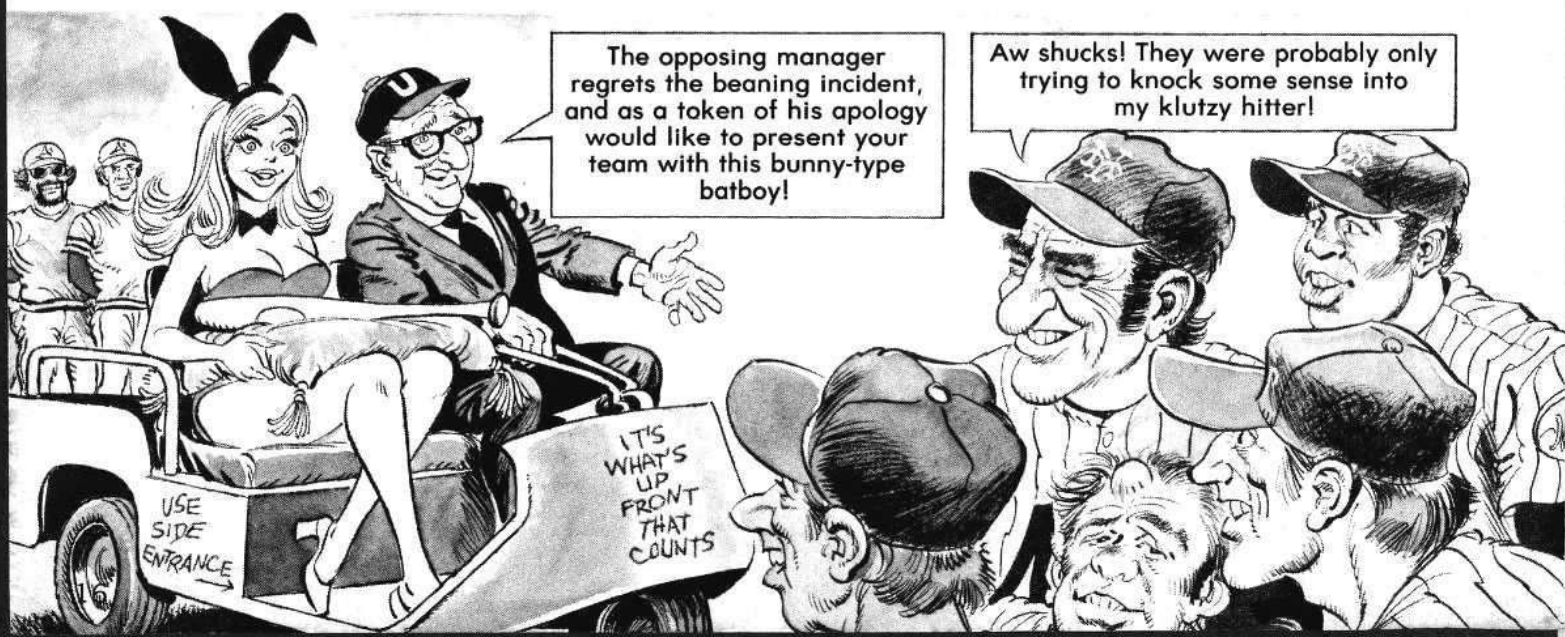
Kissinger's negotiating ability would qualify him as a baseball umpire . . .

You %@#\*!!! You had my best slugger beaned!

Gentlemen! Let us retire to our respective dugouts and settle this in a civilized manner!



... and make him the first arbiter to employ dugout-to-dugout shuttle umpiring.





Kissinger's ability at reconciliation would qualify him as a **marriage counsellor**.



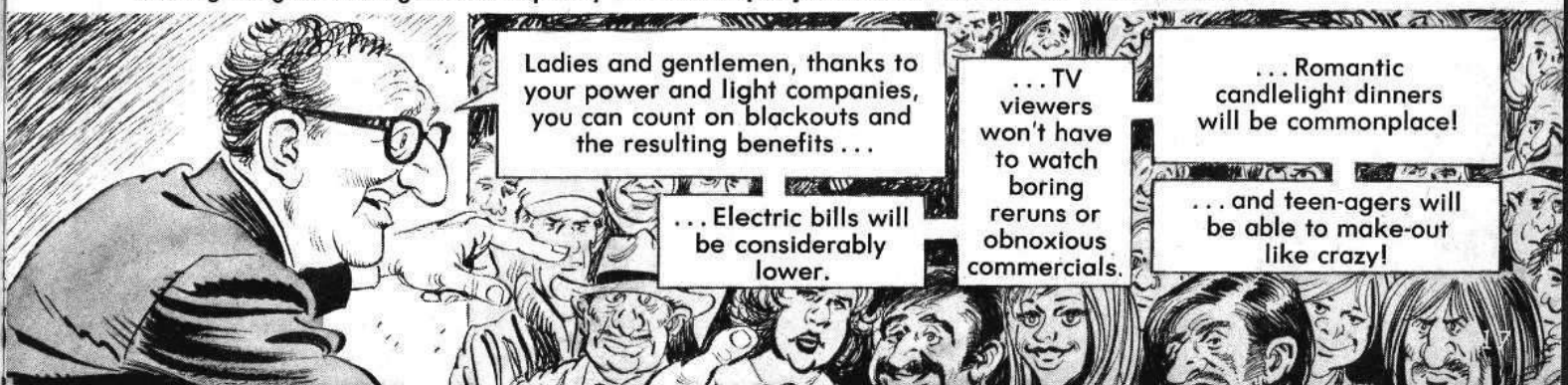
Kissinger's optimistic nature would qualify him as the kind of **TV newscaster** we desperately need



Kissinger's ability to persuade would qualify him as a **super salesman** ...

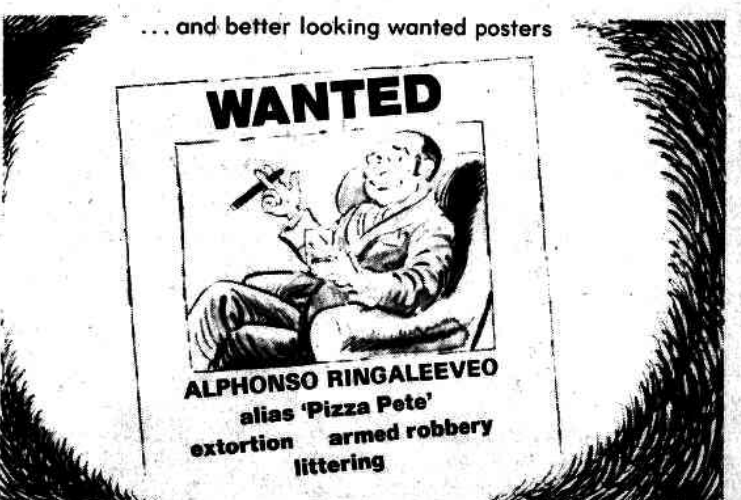
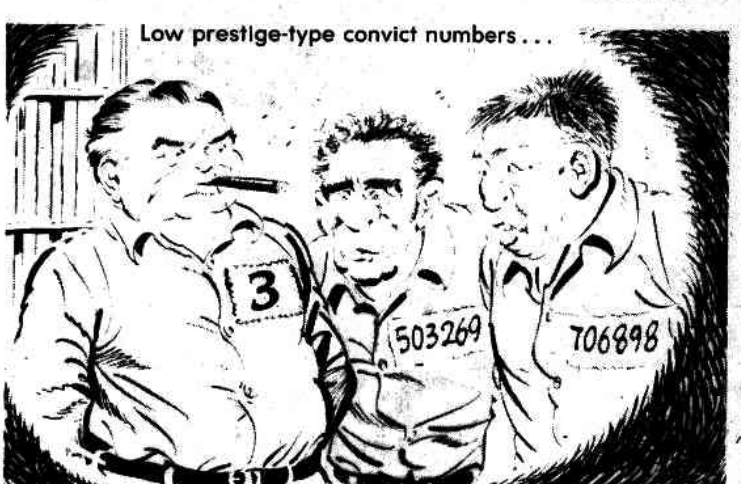
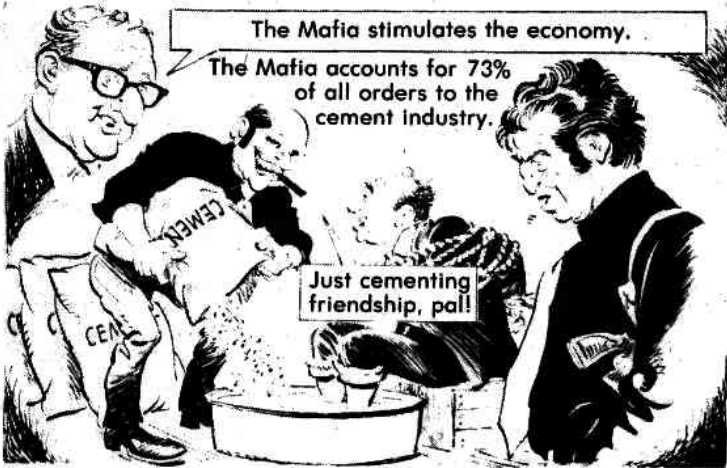


Kissinger's golden tongue would qualify him as a **super public-relations man** for the utilities ...





Kissinger's ability to reconcile implacable foes would qualify him as a mediator. As an example, CRACKED depicts a Kissinger-managed reconciliation between the FBI and the Mafia...





**CRACKED** is going to a John Wayne movie and betting on the Indians to win.

## WARD

- A new category this year is the Watergate Pentagon-thon, in which each contestant takes part in the following field activities: WIRE-TAPPING, PHONE-BUGGING, DOUBLE-DEALING, BAIL-JUMPING, and GERRY-MANDERING.

As usual, each candidate for a trophy will make a 20 minute speech at the end of each event. They will be judged on how well they can talk without saying anything!

**NOTE:** Because of an error in calculation, 18 feet of the tape at the Finish Line is missing!

- \* Cop Bribing
- \* Horse-Head Chopping
- \* Cheek Kissing
- \* Eye Gouging
- \* Fee Extorting
- \* Auto Bombing

A competitive series of athletic games consisting of QUAIL SHOOTING, LOOT FENCING, SHIVV THROWING and RUM RUNNING. Water sports will include CEMENT DUMPING and FLOATING UPSIDE DOWN in the EAST RIVER. The highlight of the day will be a real TUG 'O WAR.

A zoo-yard LAST MILE WALK will be used to eliminate all losers. Decision of the judges is final since they are all bought.

Because of the highly competitive nature of the participants, all contestants will be grouped in "families."





## DOCTORS MEDICAL MARATHON

- \* Fee Splitting
- \* Specialist Recommending
- \* Hypodermic Jabbing
- \* Absence Note Writing
- \* Acupuncture Discrediting
- \* Pain Inflicting

Contest hours are from 12 to 2 daily. No games will be played on Wednesdays, as that is when the contestants play golf.

Any contestant who is unable to perform can refer another contestant in his place. The prize will then be split between the two.

Amateur and professional contestants from all over the world compete in a series of physical games from TELEPHONE DIAGNOSING to MEDICAIRE PADDING. Each game will have a series of operations, many unnecessary. The high spot of the field events is the 15 lb. shot-put (in each other's arms).

## WAITERS FIELD GYMNASTICS

- \* Broken Field Walking
- \* Soup Spilling
- \* Bill Padding
- \* Customer Ignoring
- \* Busboy Hollering
- \* Table Stacking

A whole regatta full of gymnastics including the MEAGER TIP THROW-BACK, the CUSTOMER ORDER MIX-UP, and the SASSY TALK SPIEL. The final event is the 16 lb. SALAMI SHOT PUT, thrown over a high bar made of chopped liver. The winner will get his or her pick of the best tables on display.

A CLICHÉ SPOUTING COMPETITION will also be held to see which contestant says the following lines the most number of times in a given hour: "Sorry, this isn't my table . . .," "Take it easy, I only got two hands," and the ever popular "So how much can a fly eat?"







### Bless Our Press Section

Governments invariably disdain bad news events for fear of their effect on the public. Simultaneously, they encourage "good" news since it puts a glow on their administration. Recent examples of sensitive government officials trying to tell the news media how to do its job got us to thinking about how we take our free press for granted, and ...

# HOW PAST EVENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN REPORTED WITH A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED PRESS

HOW THE NEWS WAS REPORTED DEC. 17, 1773

angry Bostonians dress as indians, dump 342 chests of tea into harbor

action viewed as retaliation for oppressive British tea tax



angry colonists toss tea into harbor

HOW A CROWN-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

DEC. 17, 1773

## *Jovial Bostonians Hold Gala Seaboard Masquerade*

Boston—A jolly ship-board prank was viewed by all as a harmless release for today's exuberant fun-loving youth. The genial carnival atmosphere surrounding the event prompted some officials into thinking of holding a similar Mardi-Gras type festival each year.



PAUL REVERE takes first prize for his imaginative Mohawk costume.



HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

OCT. 9, 1871

## CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: MASSIVE FIRE WIPE OUT CHICAGO

Building and livestock damage set at \$196 million.

Blaze traced to cow kicking over lantern



Sketch of Holocaust

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

## CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: HUGE REDEVELOPMENT HITS CHICAGO

Slums eradicated over night. Disease-ridden area no longer poses problem, mayor says

CHICAGOANS ENJOY  
WARM RESPITE FROM  
COLD WEATHER

Chicago—Chicagoans took advantage of the unusually warm weather to view what had to be the world's largest outdoor barbecue of cattle.

PREDICT BIG  
BUILDING BOOM  
FOR CHICAGO

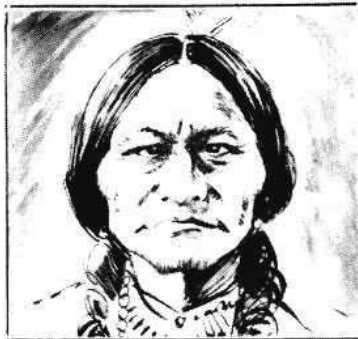
CHICAGO—The Mayor and other city officials today announced...

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

JUNE 25, 1876

## GENERAL CUSTER'S TROOPS MASSACRED BY SIOUX AT LITTLE BIG HORN

Little Big Horn—The sixth cavalry was wiped out to a man in a clash with Sioux Indians. General George Armstrong Custer and his 400-man cavalry force ran into an Indian...

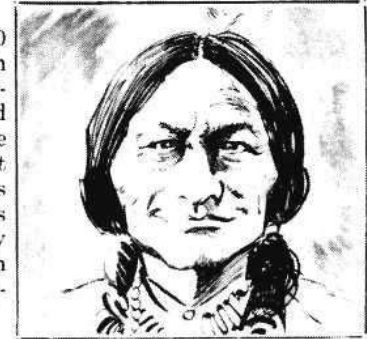


Chief Sitting Bull  
in Charge of Attack

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

## LITTLE BIG HORN LEADS AS NATION'S NO. 1 RETIREMENT HOME FOR MILITARY PERSONNEL

Little Big Horn—over 400 soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry including General Custer himself, decided en masse to choose Little Big Horn as a permanent retirement home. Promises by local Sioux developers of a well-stocked, happy hunting ground had much to do with the cavalrymen's decision and...



Chief Sitting Bull in charge of  
Local Welcome Wagon

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

FEB. 26, 1913

## INCOME TAX TO BE LEVIED ON AMERICANS

16th AMENDMENT  
RATIFIED

Washington—Many citizens view the new tax on income with alarm. Critics believe the measure gives impetus for a strong, centralized government that would usurp the powers of local government.

TARGET OF NEW LAW



HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

## GOVERNMENT LAUNCHES BRILLIANT CRIME-FIGHT MEASURE



Washington—The nation's criminals face bleak times ahead. Through a novel income tax plan, the government hopes to drain off excess income from its citizens thereby leaving slim pickings for members of the underworld.

BIG STICK HAS  
CRIME ON THE RUN

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED



## DAILY BLUES



OCT. 25, 1929

### HYSTERIA SWEEPS WALL STREET

**BROKERS  
LEAP  
TO SUICIDE IN  
FINANCIAL  
PANIC**

**240 ISSUES  
LOSE  
\$15 BILLION  
IN VALUE**



EX-MILLIONAIRE J.P. GETROCKS III REDUCED TO SELLING APPLES

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

### CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

### DEPRESSION UNEMPLOYMENT AT ALL-TIME HIGH

**UNEMPLOYMENT  
RATE HITS 25%**

**MILLIONS  
ON  
BREAD  
LINES**



SHANTY TOWN COMMON DEPRESSION SIGHT

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

### WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

### BONUS ARMY FLARE-UP IN NATION'S CAPITAL

**BITTER  
WORLD WAR I  
VETERANS  
DEMAND  
CONGRESS  
PAY THEM  
THEIR BONUS**

**REGULAR ARMY  
USED TO  
DRIVE VETS  
OUT OF THEIR  
ENCAMPMENT**



SOLDIERS WITH GAS MASKS FORCE VETS OUT OF MAKE-SHIFT SHACKS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT



## DAILY BLUES

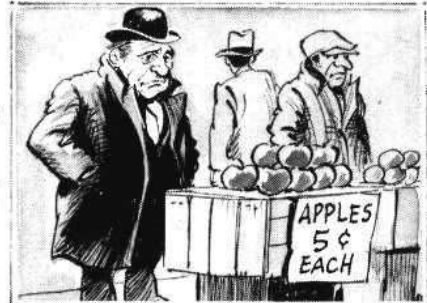


OCT. 25, 1929

### BARGAIN TIME ON WALL STREET

**DRASTIC PRICE  
REDUCTIONS IN  
QUALITY  
BLUE CHIP  
STOCKS SEEN AS  
INDUCEMENT  
TO "GIVE  
THE LITTLE GUY"  
THE CHANCE AT  
A PIECE OF THE  
ACTION**

Would-Be investors  
urged to hurry. Sale  
may be withdrawn  
at any time



MILLIONAIRE J.P. GETROCKS III, IN PUBLICITY PHOTO DEMONSTRATES STOCKS ARE NOW ALMOST AS CHEAP AS APPLES

HOW A GOV'T CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

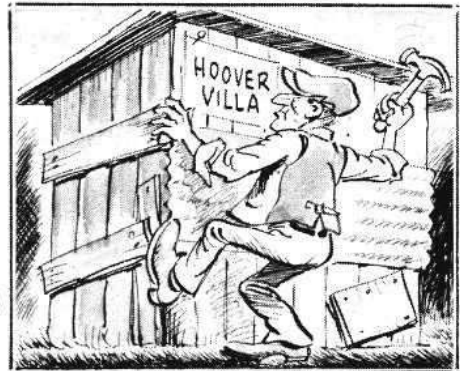
### CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

### LEISURE TIME ACTIVITIES HIT RECORD HIGH

**WHO SAYS  
AMERICANS  
DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO  
RELAX?**

**HOBBY BOOM  
REACHES  
UNPRECEDENTED  
LEVELS**



HOBBYIST BUILDS HOUSE OUT OF TIN CANS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

### WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

### VETERANS ON NOSTALGIC KICK

**VETS REENACT  
FAMOUS BATTLE  
OF WORLD WAR I**

Traveling down  
memory lane,  
fun-loving World  
War I veterans  
today reenacted  
some of the  
famous battles  
of World War I  
with the help of  
regular army  
troops stationed  
in Washington



VETS AND ARMY CLASH IN BATTLE REENACTMENT



HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

## JAPANESE ATTACK PEARL HARBOR

### OUR PACIFIC FLEET DESTROYED IN SNEAK ATTACK

MILITARY CAUGHT WITH PANTS DOWN

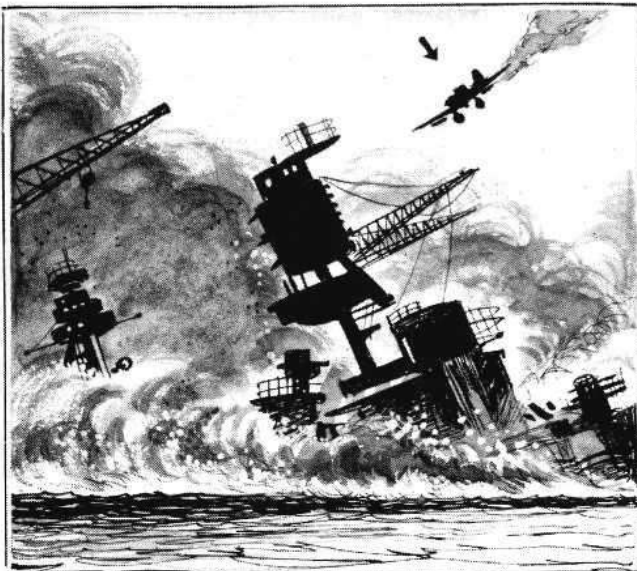


PHOTO SHOWS 7th FLEET IN RUINS AT PEARL HARBOR  
ARROW POINTS TO ONE OF THE FEW JAPANESE AIRCRAFT  
SHOT DOWN ON THE SUNDAY RAID OF DEC. 7th

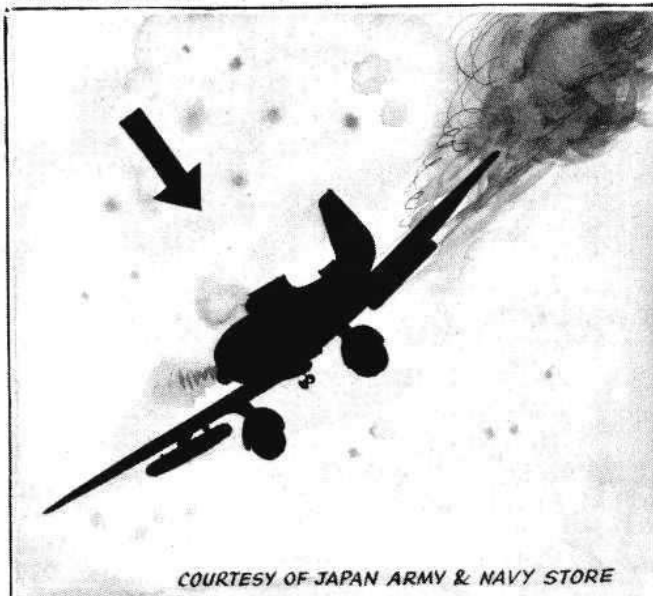
HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE  
REPORTED THE EVENT

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

## NAVY LAUNCHES MODERNIZATION PLAN

Pearl Harbor—To meet the demands of modern warfare, the U.S. Navy decided to scrap its antiquated Pacific fleet of 86 ships. The Japanese Armed Forces were lured into destroying the American fleet at absolutely no expense to the U.S. Government



COURTESY OF JAPAN ARMY & NAVY STORE

PHOTO ABOVE SHOWS STILL ANOTHER JAPANESE AIRCRAFT  
BITING THE DUST AT THE HANDS OF OUR EVER-ALERT FORCES

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

## DEMOCRATIC HQ. BURGLARIZED

TOP WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS  
INVOLVED IN PLANNING

MASSIVE COVER-UP INVOLVES FBI

Republican Campaign Money  
Used As Hush Money for  
Wiretappers and Burglars

Washington—This town was rocked with further  
revelations about the doings of...

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS RELEASE  
DID REPORT THE EVENT ...

JUNE 17, 1972

HO HUM! Another  
third rate burglary

Washington—An alleged bur-  
glary was alleged to have tak-  
en place in an alleged hotel  
allegedly known as the Water-  
gate.

Everyone has his or her own favorite sport. Some people love the excitement of golf (where you hit a dumb ball 200 yards and then spend two hours walking around trying to find it), while others like the challenge of football, tennis, or kick the can. Well, now it's time to spotlight another sport... one where you can actually roll your money away, as we take...

# A CRACKED LOOK AT A BOWLING ALLEY





Hey, Frankie, have you ever seen such a good form?

Never!

NOTICE  
TO AVOID SERIOUS  
ACCIDENTS PLEASE  
REMOVE ALL SWOLLEN  
THUMBS.  
THE MANAGEMENT

I'm sorry, but  
I can't wear these  
bowling shoes  
either.

Too  
tight?

No, they  
clash with  
the slacks  
I'm wearing.

Here's your  
hot fudge,  
bananas and beer,  
sir.

Thanks! By the way,  
has anyone ever told  
you that you have  
beautiful brown eyes.

Why,  
no!

Well, then,  
no sense  
starting now.

I came down here  
to win a few games and  
take my frustrations  
out.

But what  
happens if  
someone beats  
you?

That's who I  
usually take my  
frustrations  
out on.

Bartender, I'd  
like a drink  
to go with  
this olive.

Do you realize  
that these are  
probably the only  
alleys in America  
where you won't  
get mugged.

GET A  
LONG  
LITTLE  
DOGGIE  
TRY OUR  
ONE FOOT  
SHOT DOG

DRIVE CAREFULLY!  
YOU MIGHT  
HIT A  
BARTENDER

Don  
ORENEK

# The World

... And the chances of 6" of snow tonight.

Honey, you'd better take the snow shovels out of the garage. We're supposed to get a lot of snow tonight.

It's not gonna snow.



... windy and cold with 3' of snow in the forecast.

Honey, 3' of snow is scheduled for tonight.

Relax. Did it snow yesterday?



... high's in the 30's, fair and no chance of precipitation.

Honey, where are you going?

Out to the garage to get the snow shovels.



When the weatherman doesn't predict snow on a winter day, that's when you have to worry.

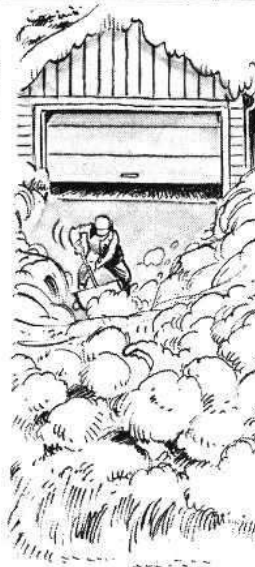


Harry, the snow plow just went by and blocked our driveway.

Oh great! I have to go to work!

Well, you'll have to shovel before you can get the car out.

Yeah. Yeah.



Hey kids, I'm in this snow bank. Do you think you can give me a little push?

Sure thing mister.

O.K., give me a good one.

One-two-three!

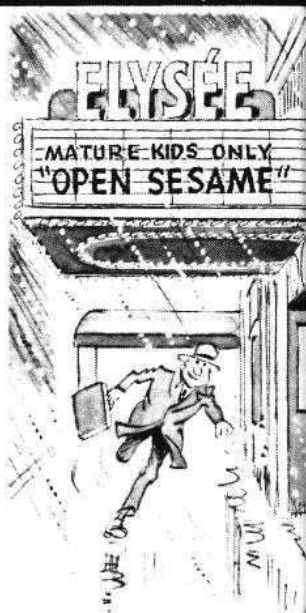
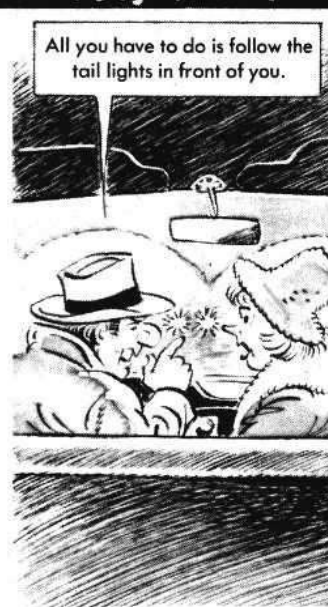


Sururi

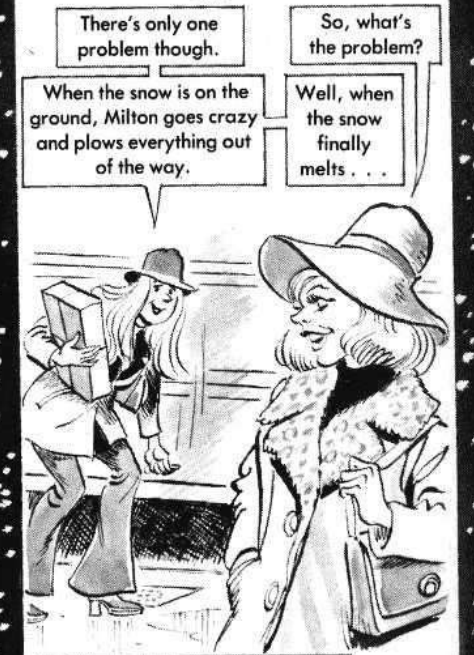


# RACKED of Snow










**Monkey Shines Section:** The movies and TV series dealing with the Planet  
friends do with their spare time. CRACKED

ENTERTAINMENT FOR GORILLAS WHO LIKE TO MONKEY AROUND

# APEBOY

APE-RIL 5975  
Price: 1 Banana Bunch



**The Simians**  
From Samoa With  
Sex Ape-Peal

**Financial Tips From**  
Banana Oil Tycoon  
John Paul Abadaba

**Apeboy**  
Interviews  
Pat Baboon

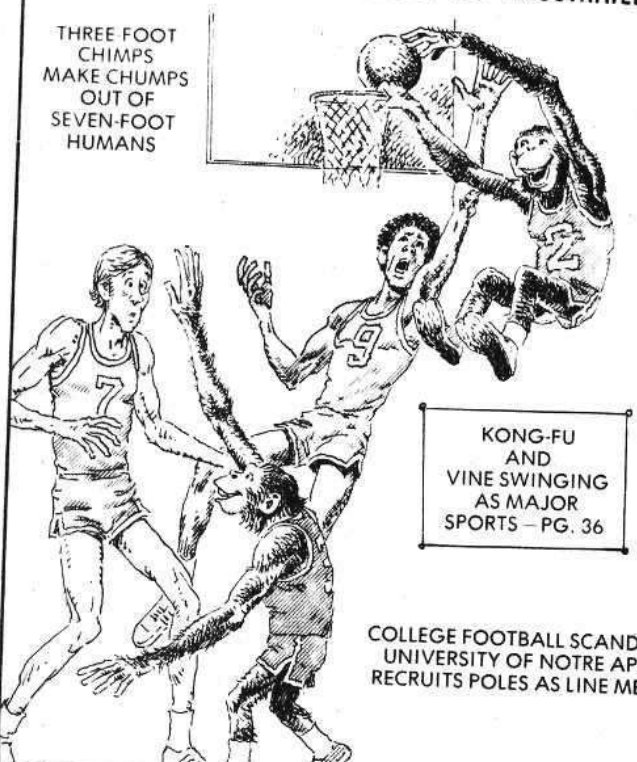
Our Apeboy  
bunnies  
prove you  
don't need  
vines to  
be a  
swinger

**DO IT YOURSELF SECTION:**  
Plans for an escalator stairway  
to your treetop pad

# MAGAZINE PLANET

## APE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THREE FOOT  
CHIMPS  
MAKE CHUMPS  
OUT OF  
SEVEN-FOOT  
HUMANS



KONG-FU  
AND  
VINE SWINGING  
AS MAJOR  
SPORTS - PG. 36

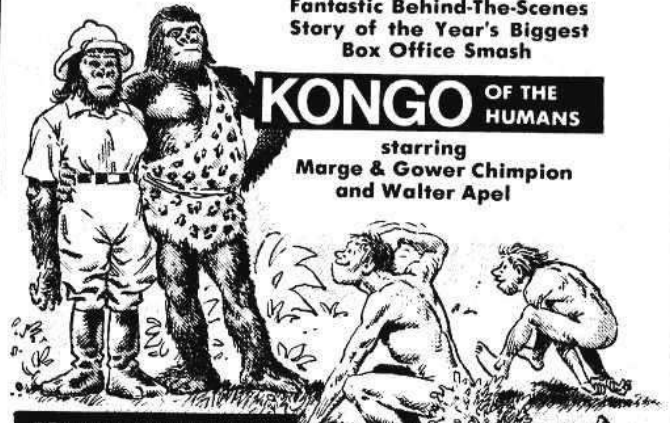
COLLEGE FOOTBALL SCANDAL  
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE APE  
RECRUITS POLES AS LINE MEN

## SIMIAN CINEMA THRILLS

Fantastic Behind-The-Scenes  
Story of the Year's Biggest  
Box Office Smash


### KONGO OF THE HUMANS

starring  
Marge & Gower Chimpion  
and Walter Apel



**FORMER MONKEY STAR  
REVEALS:**  
"I Worked For Peanuts...  
and enjoyed every  
minute of it."

WHO WILL WIN THIS YEARS  
BEST ACTING AWARDS?





of the Apes neglect to tell us what our primate  
corrects the situation by reprinting these...

# OVERS FROM OF THE APES

## My Cold Lover— He goes bananas only over bananas

### APE LOVE CONFESSIONS

**THE SHOCKING TRUTH  
ABOUT TODAY'S YOUTH:**  
Instead of Eating Bananas  
They're Smoking 'Em

**Love Making Tips: How to  
Keep From Breaking Your  
Lover's Rib Cage While  
Pitching Woo**



**LIFE SAVING TIPS: HOW TO MAKE YOUR PASSIONATE  
APE BEAU KEEP BOTH FEET ON THE STEERING  
WHEEL**

## GIRL GORILLA'S HOME Journal

*Recipes For An Ape-etizing  
Seven Course Meal To  
Delight Your Simian Spouse*

*Consomme Banana  
Banana Cutlet Sauté  
Valencianna  
Banana Parmesan  
French Fried Bananas  
Taquitoes con Bananas  
Tossed Banana Salad  
Brandied Banana  
Melba*

**FACIAL HAIRSTYLES**  
*Hints from the World's  
Most Charming Chimp  
Chanteuse*

**LOSE WEIGHT**  
*How to tip the scale at  
a svelte 500 lbs.*



*Homemaker  
Zsa Zsa  
Gibbon  
models her  
homemade  
ape-ron*

**SHOCKING STORY**—How property values plummeted when  
humans moved into an exclusive gorilla neighborhood

THE MAGAZINE FOR GORILLA GAMESTERS

## HUNTING and MARAUDING



**\*SHOOTING HUMANS  
IS HUMANE—IT  
TRIMS THE HERD**

**\*THE TRUTH BEHIND  
THE BLEEDING HEART  
CHIMP MOVEMENT FOR  
TOUGHER GUN CONTROL  
LAWS**

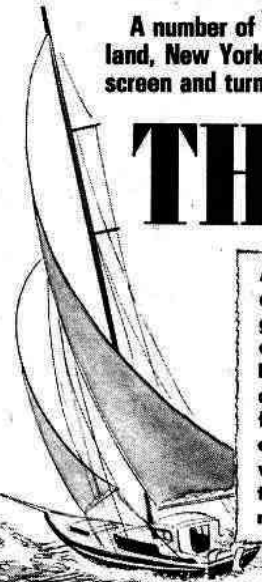
**CAMPER TIPS ON PROTECTING  
YOUR BANANAS FROM HUMANS  
AND OTHER SCAVENGERS**

**EXCLUSIVE ON THE ARMY'S  
NEW RED-BLOODED APE UNIT—  
THE GORILLA GUERRILLAS**

SEVERIN

A number of years ago F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a book about a group of rich people living in a small community on Long Island, New York. His novel was heralded as a classic and now, decades later, Hollywood has adapted this great work for the screen and turned it into a movie entitled...

# THE NOT SO GREAT GADSBY



As the sun dropped from the sky like a silver dollar into a piggy bank, I galloped across the sea to meet my cousin. I had just moved to Easter Egg next to a mysterious man known as Gadsby. In my younger and more formidable years my father had given me, Nic Caramel, some solid advice about good and bad. Despite that, I still accepted the part as narrator of this movie.

O.K., dock it up. Well Nic, old boy, you've finally come to see your cousin Lazy after all these years. What brings you here?

This boat.

Sururi

Nic, my love. You look as good as a thousand-dollar bill in a high interest account.

Lazy, I haven't seen you in ages. Still have the same hobby you had as a kid—collecting plants?

Sort of, only now, instead of cactus plants, I collect steel and chemical ones. Where are you living at present?

At Easter Egg on the North Shore. Next door to a man named Gadsby.

Jaye Gadsby!  
JAYE GADSBY!  
JAYE GADSBY!

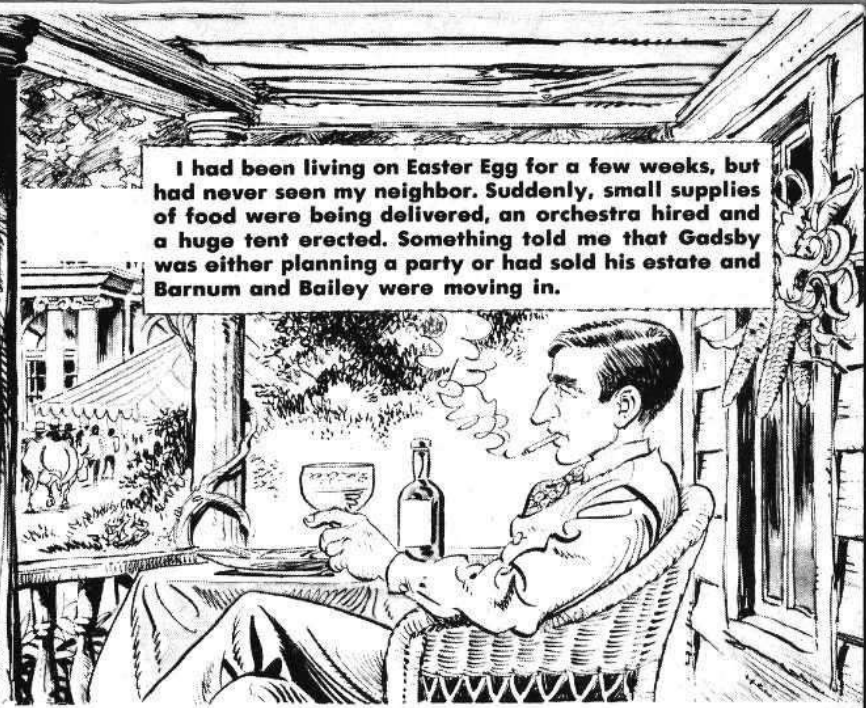
Does the name mean anything to you?

No.





I had been living on Easter Egg for a few weeks, but had never seen my neighbor. Suddenly, small supplies of food were being delivered, an orchestra hired and a huge tent erected. Something told me that Gadsby was either planning a party or had sold his estate and Barnum and Bailey were moving in.



Nic, I'm glad you could take this Sunday ride with me. I'd like to introduce you to someone—Turtle Wilson.

Turtle, I missed you and have to see you again. Hop on the downtown bus and switch to the "D" train where a bicycle will be waiting. Then ride down to 14th Street and hop the "E" train to 5th Avenue.

It sounds dangerous. Gorge might catch us.

Never! I've taken one other precaution to fool him.

When you arrive, I won't be there.



Hi Turtle. This is Nic.

Hi.—Gorge, why don't you go to the store and buy some chairs for our guests. I don't think we have enough for all these people.

Sure honey.

Mr. Caramel—Mr. Jaye Gadsby would like you to come to his party this evening.

Jaye Gadsby wants me to be a guest and partake in all that decadence?

Actually, Mr. Gadsby wants you to be a footman and help answer the door. We're understaffed at the moment.





Isn't this divine Nic?

Does anyone ever get to see Gadsby?

Oh, he isn't here. He hates parties.

Then why does he throw them?

He used to be a garbage man and loves cleaning up.

Who is this Gadsby anyway?

I heard he made his millions selling holes to the swiss cheese industry.

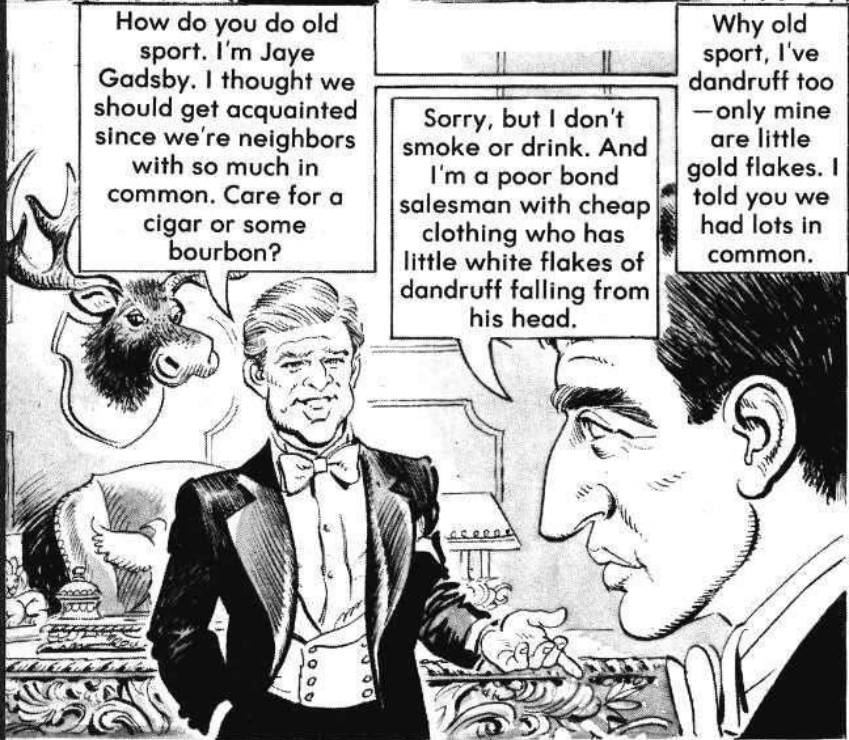
I understand he's Kaiser Wilhelm's sister.

I heard he got this mansion saving trading stamps.

I heard he made a fortune on non-flammable matches.

I thought he was Robert Redford?

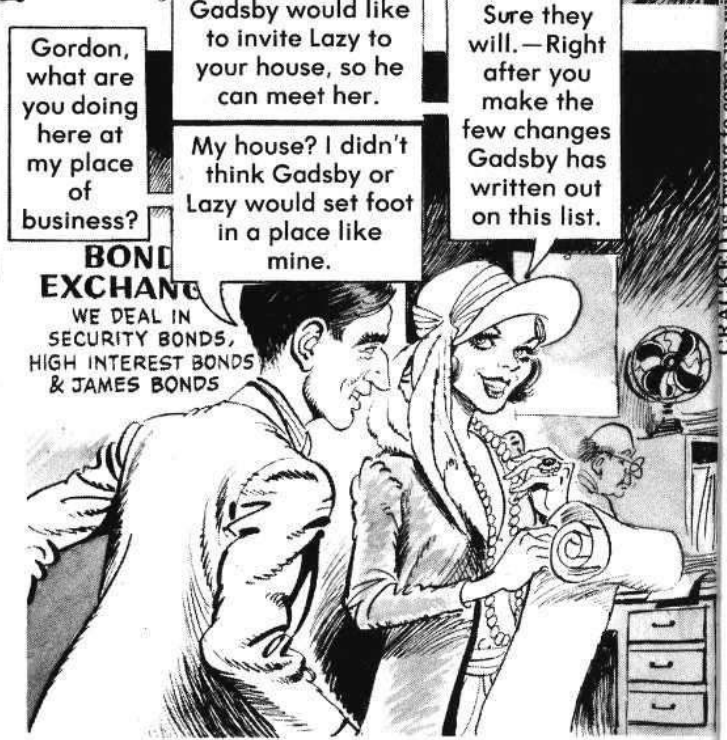
Mr. Caramel— Mr. Gadsby would like to see you.



How do you do old sport. I'm Jaye Gadsby. I thought we should get acquainted since we're neighbors with so much in common. Care for a cigar or some bourbon?

Sorry, but I don't smoke or drink. And I'm a poor bond salesman with cheap clothing who has little white flakes of dandruff falling from his head.

Why old sport, I've dandruff too — only mine are little gold flakes. I told you we had lots in common.



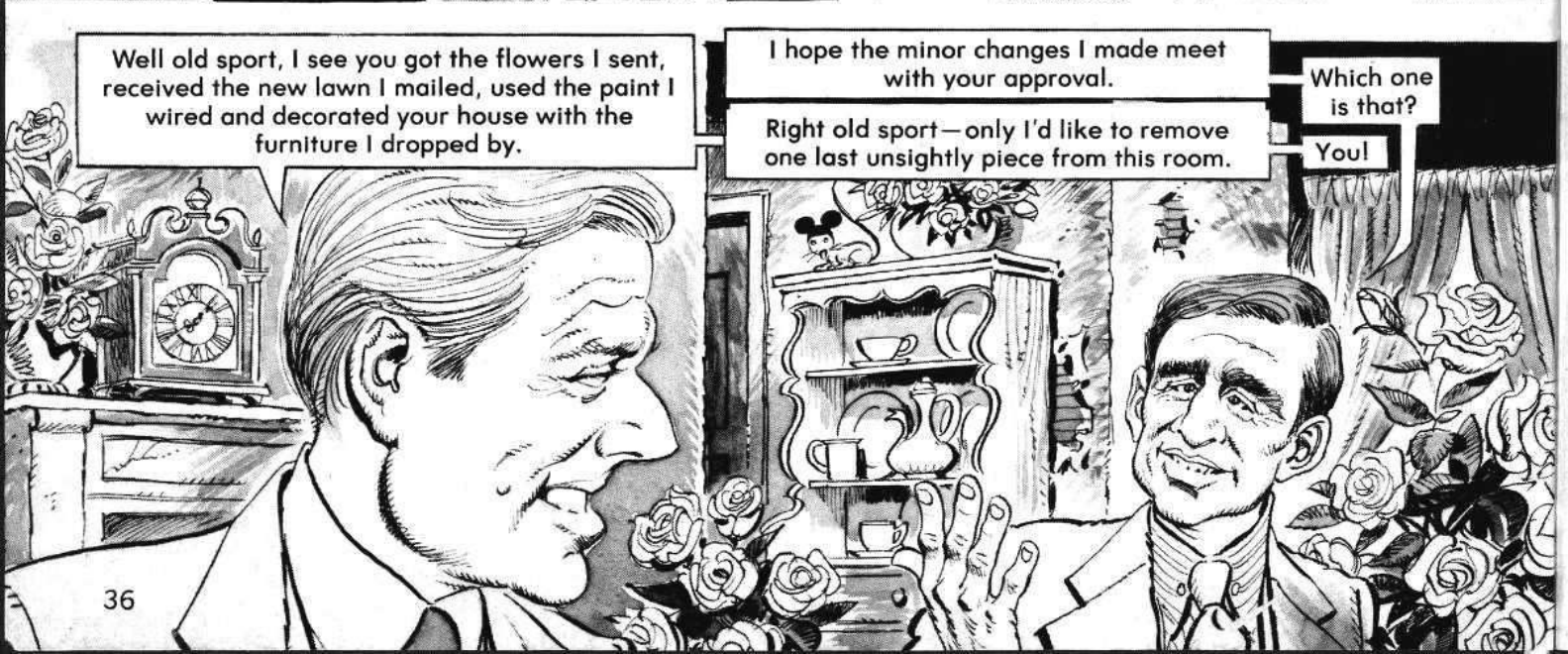
Gordon, what are you doing here at my place of business?

Gadsby would like to invite Lazy to your house, so he can meet her.

My house? I didn't think Gadsby or Lazy would set foot in a place like mine.

Sure they will. — Right after you make the few changes Gadsby has written out on this list.

**BOND EXCHANGE**  
WE DEAL IN  
SECURITY BONDS,  
HIGH INTEREST BONDS  
& JAMES BONDS



Well old sport, I see you got the flowers I sent, received the new lawn I mailed, used the paint I wired and decorated your house with the furniture I dropped by.

I hope the minor changes I made meet with your approval.

Right old sport — only I'd like to remove one last unsightly piece from this room.

Which one is that?

You!



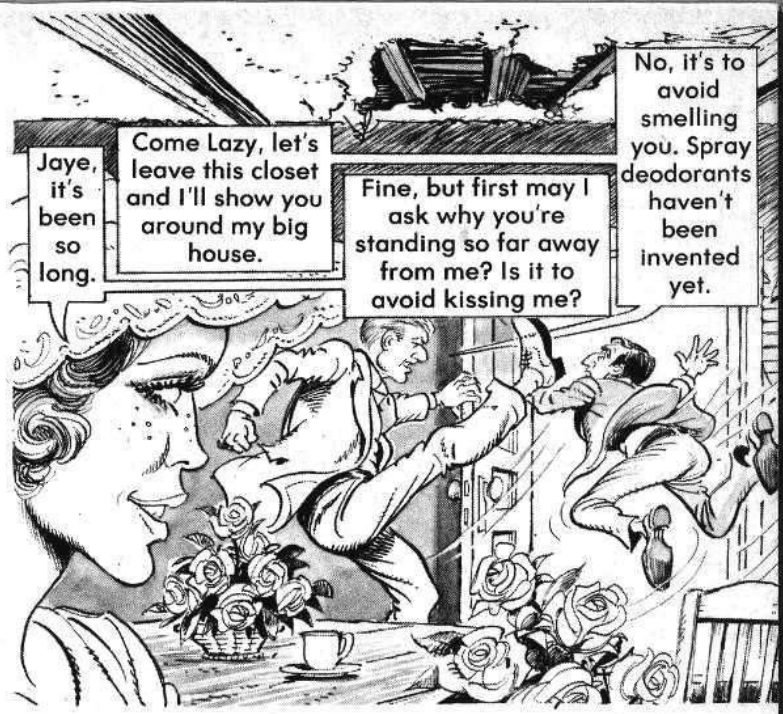


Nic!  
What a lovely  
dump  
you have.

Thank you  
and how are  
you?  
Rich as usual  
and I just  
happened to  
-Gadsby?  
Gadsby?  
GADSBY!

Do you  
know Jaye  
Gadsby?  
J.J.!  
Pumpkin!  
Cuddles!  
Cutes!

Oh  
that's  
right—  
you  
never  
heard  
of him.

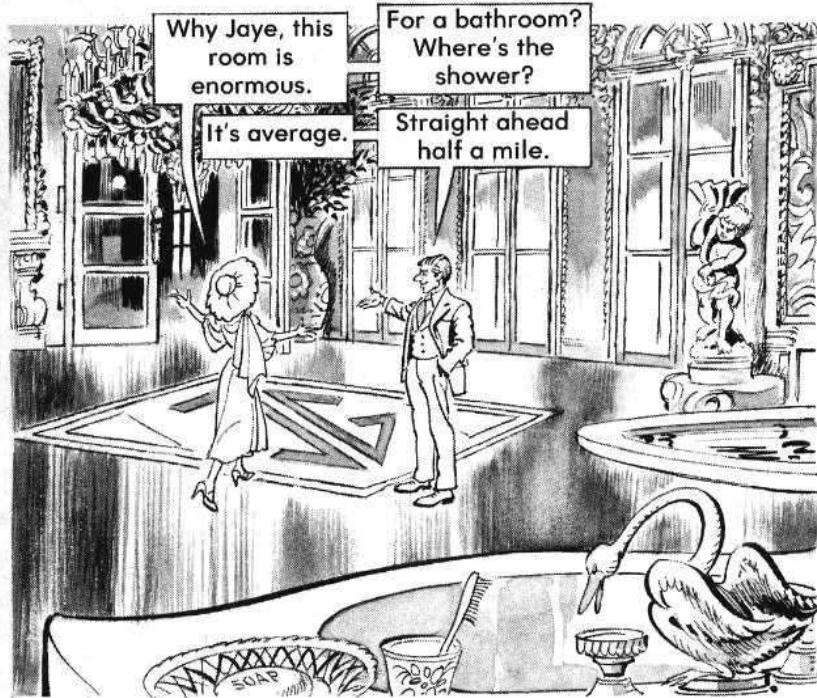


Jaye,  
it's  
been  
so  
long.

Come Lazy, let's  
leave this closet  
and I'll show you  
around my big  
house.

Fine, but first may I  
ask why you're  
standing so far away  
from me? Is it to  
avoid kissing me?

No, it's to  
avoid  
smelling  
you. Spray  
deodorants  
haven't  
been  
invented  
yet.



Why Jaye, this  
room is  
enormous.  
It's average.

For a bathroom?  
Where's the  
shower?  
Straight ahead  
half a mile.



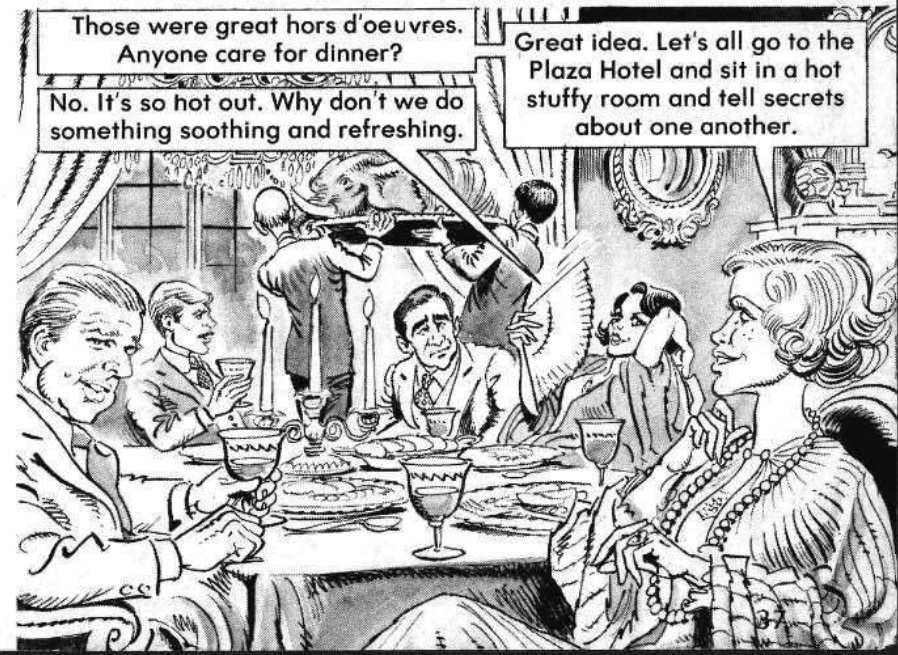
Lazy, I've  
always  
loved  
you. Why  
did you  
get  
married  
instead of  
waiting  
for me?

It's hard to put my  
finger on, but it had to  
do with the last gift  
both you and Tom gave  
me as a final bid for my  
hand.  
I gave you \$23 in oysters.

He gave me  
\$350,000 in  
pearls.  
Yeah, but  
why did  
you  
choose  
him over  
me?



Jaye, I have to leave now, but do  
come to dinner tomorrow. I'm sure  
my husband would just adore  
meeting the man I'm secretly in  
love with.



Those were great hors d'oeuvres.  
Anyone care for dinner?  
No. It's so hot out. Why don't we do  
something soothing and refreshing.

Great idea. Let's all go to the  
Plaza Hotel and sit in a hot  
stuffy room and tell secrets  
about one another.





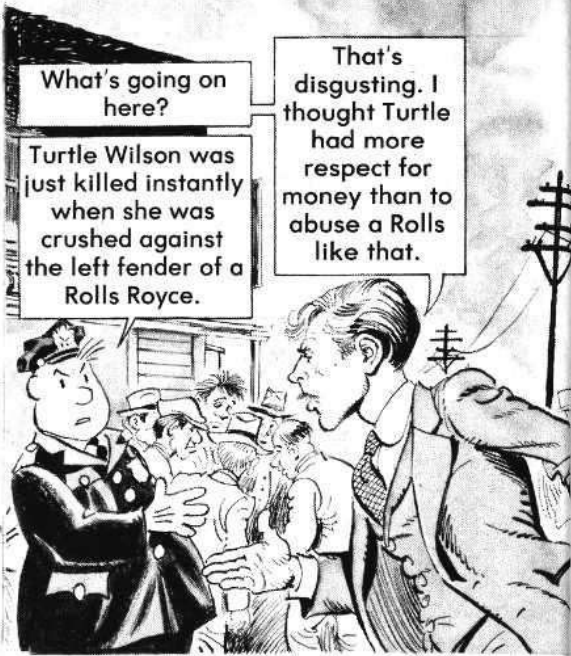
All right, who has an interesting story to tell?

Dom—your wife and I are in love with one another and she wants a divorce to marry me. She's never loved you.

That's good for a start—any other stories?

I can't take it—I'm leaving.

We all left the hotel and later that evening Dom discovered:



What's going on here?

Turtle Wilson was just killed instantly when she was crushed against the left fender of a Rolls Royce.

That's disgusting. I thought Turtle had more respect for money than to abuse a Rolls like that.



I've come to murder you for killing my wife.

I appreciate the thought, but I'm really not dressed correctly. Could you come back in an hour?

No.

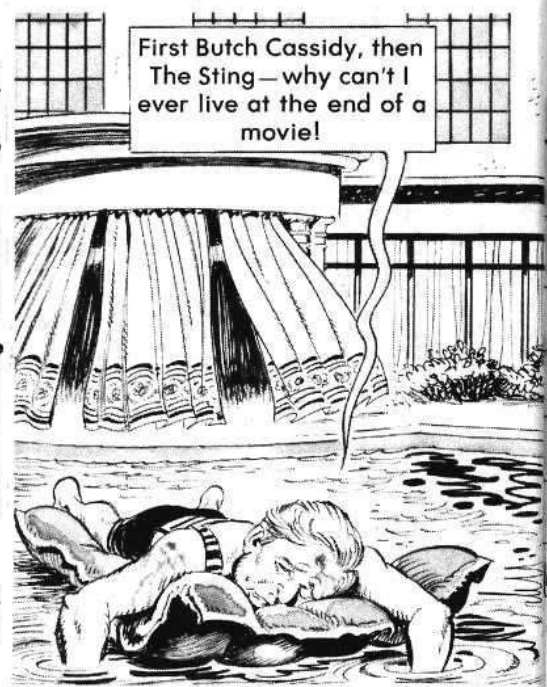
Oh! Well it wasn't me who killed your wife anyway. It was someone else whose name I can never tell.

Then I'll have to murder you.

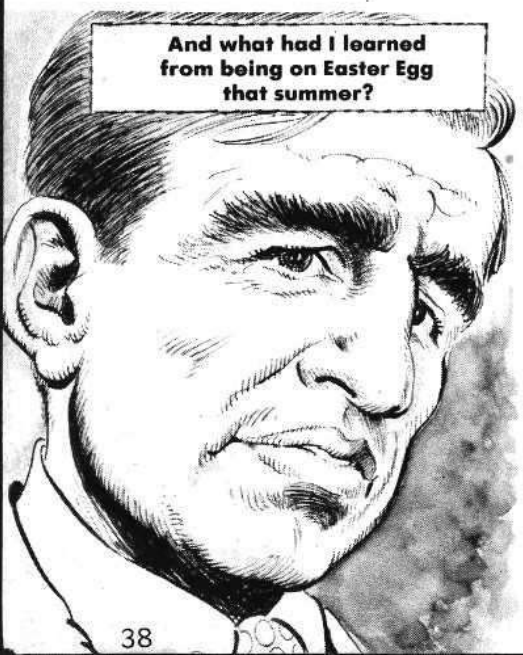
... but I can give you detailed directions to his house.



CRACK!  
That fatal afternoon came. Gorge crept behind the house as Gadsby was taking a swim. He raised the gun and fired as a realization jumped into Gadsby's head—one that would stick with him forever.



First Butch Cassidy, then The Sting—why can't I ever live at the end of a movie!



And what had I learned from being on Easter Egg that summer?

Gadsby's murder—that has to be the crime of the ages.

No, I think the real crime is the people who spent 6.5 million dollars on this movie to show how decadent America is and the people who spent \$3.00 to see it, instead of giving all that money to them.

YEAH!





Have you taken a good look around lately? Oh, you haven't. Well, why don't you do that for a few seconds and then we'll get back to this introduction . . . Finished? Good. Now tell us, didn't you observe some pretty silly things going on! You didn't? Well then you didn't look hard enough because when we looked around we found so many absurdities that we couldn't help putting them together into one article aptly called . . .

# The Ridiculous Things of Life

WARD

Triple locking all your doors and then leaving the key so that your cleaning lady can get in.



Demanding hot pizza and then not eating it until it cools down.



Using a spray deodorant daily, but taking a shower only once a month.



Buying a \$90.00 duck-down jacket and then walking around with it unzipped.



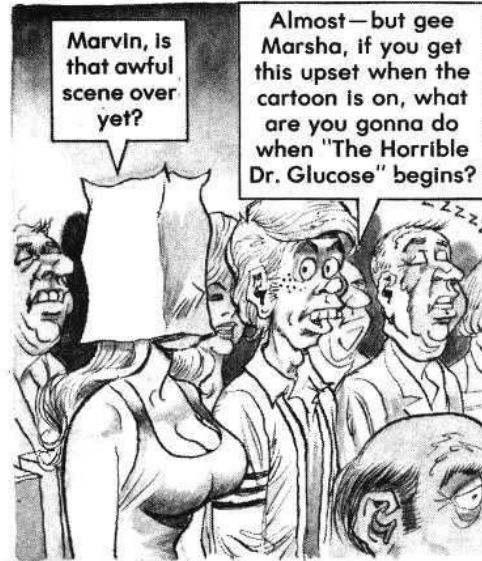
Having 20/100 vision, but refusing to wear glasses because they make you look funny.



Thinking a rabbit's foot will always bring you good luck.



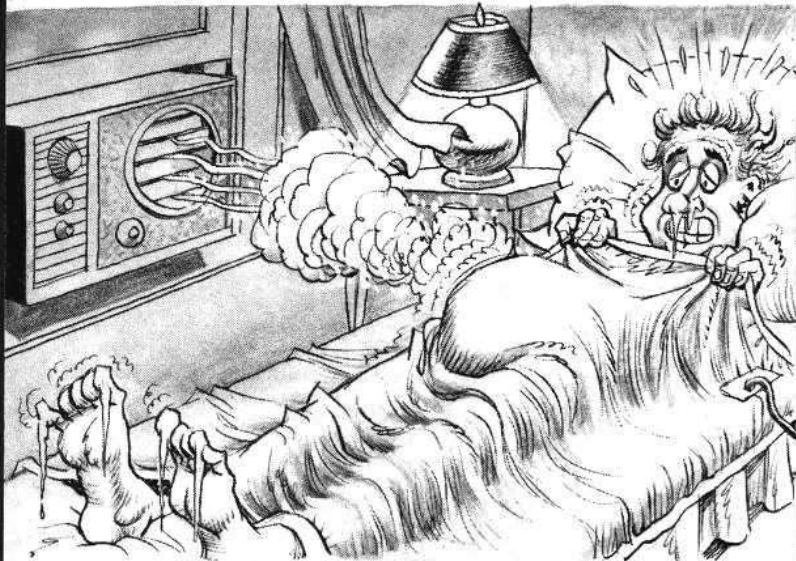
Going to a horror movie and then covering your eyes throughout the whole thing.



Buying a color T.V. and then watching nothing but black and white reruns.



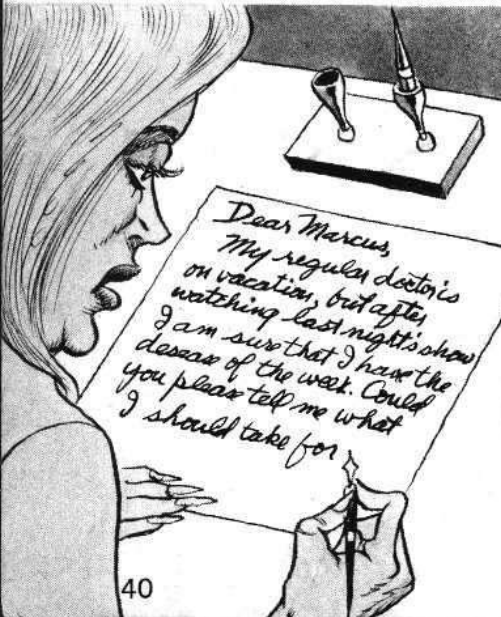
Sleeping under an electric blanket because the air conditioner is too cold.



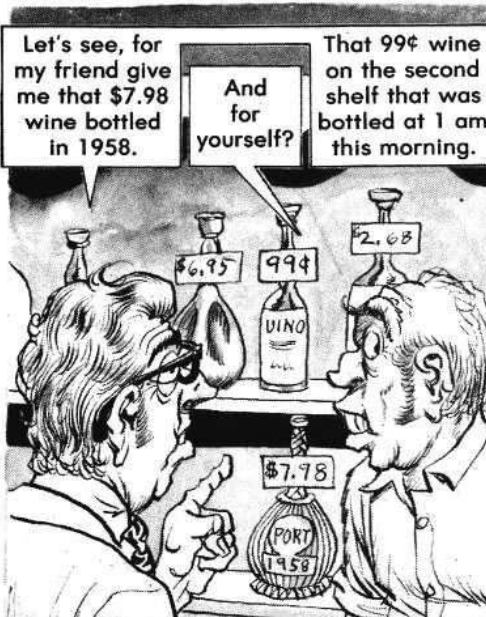
Going to the beach, smearing yourself with suntan lotion and then sitting under an umbrella all day.



Writing Marcus Welby to ask him what he recommends for a liver infection.



Buying yourself cheap wine, but a friend, good wine, to impress him.

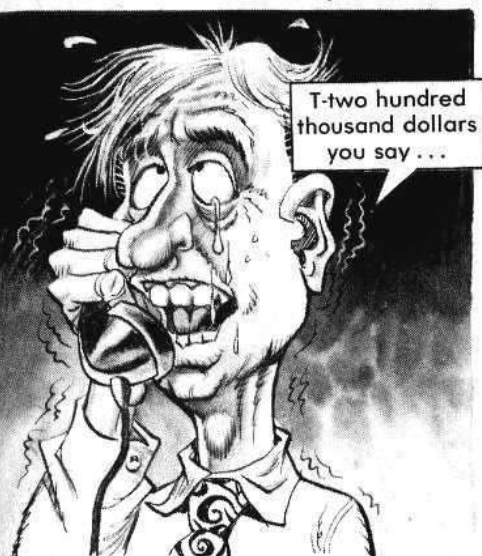


Wearing a mink coat in Miami.





Giving an Irish Sweepstakes ticket to your brother-in-law for his birthday.



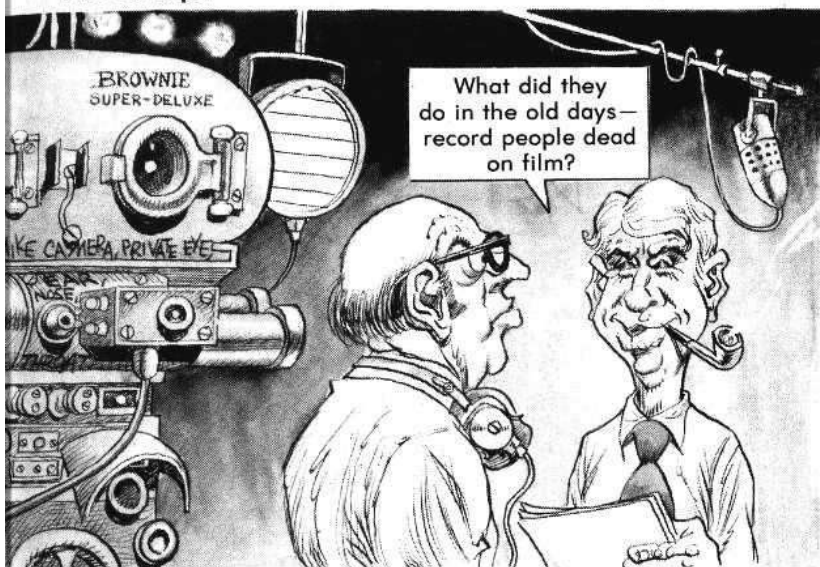
Spending \$84 a credit for college and then trying to cut every class you can.



Eating thin spaghetti because you're on a diet.



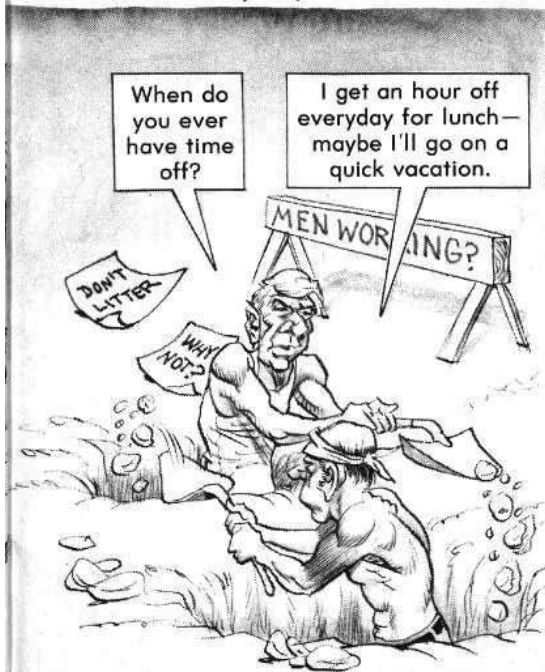
Hearing networks say that a program was recorded "Live on Tape."



Washing your garbage pails.



Working three, eight-hour jobs, so you can have extra money on your time off.



Buying new furniture and then not allowing anyone to sit on it.



CRACKED!



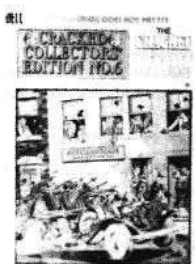
# THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

## SALE!

**NEW SELECTIONS!**

**WHILE THEY LAST!**

**ORDER NOW!  
CHAOS LATER!**



**CRACKED ANNUALS**  
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send me the Annuals I have checked. Enclosed is . . . . . which includes the total price of my selections PLUS 25¢ mailing and handling charge for each selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9 . . . . .	75¢
GIANT CRACKED #10 . . . . .	75¢
KING SIZED CRACKED #8 . . . . .	75¢
THOSE CRACKED MONSTERS . . . . .	50¢
CRACKED GOES WEST . . . . .	50¢
THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY . . . . .	50¢

REMEMBER—Add 25¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . STATE . . . . . ZIP . . . . .



"What's black and white and read all over?" Answer: A newspaper. That, dear friends, is one of the oldest jokes going that we would never think of using. However, if we were going to make use of it, we would do so only if the next article coming up were entitled . . .

# CRACKED

## Interviews the NEWSPAPER KING

Greetings all you loyal CRACKED readers. This is Nanny Dickering again and this month I'm visiting with Mr. Harry Granit—owner and publisher of one of the biggest newspaper chains in the country.

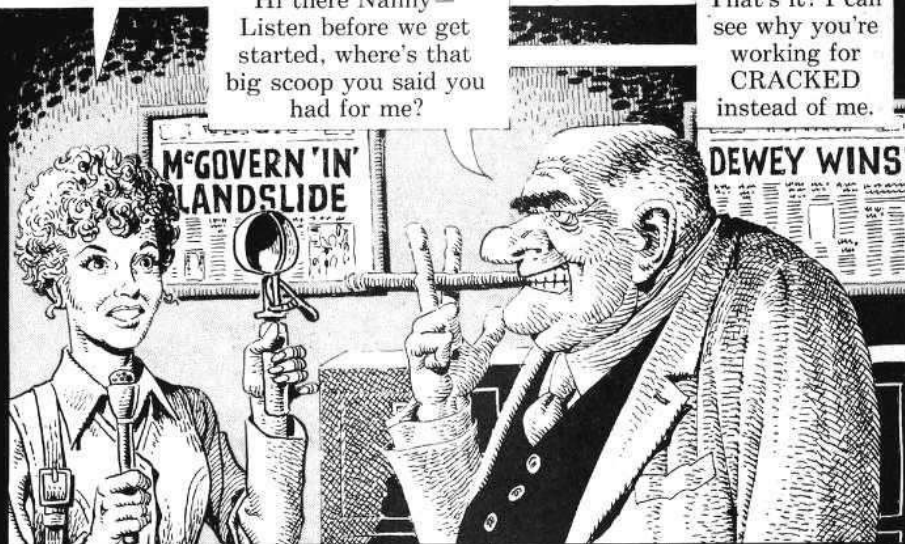
Good afternoon Mr. Granit.

Hi there Nanny—Listen before we get started, where's that big scoop you said you had for me?

Scoop? Oh yes—right here.

*POWERS*

That's it? I can see why you're working for CRACKED instead of me.



I understand that the object of your chain is to own every newspaper in the country.

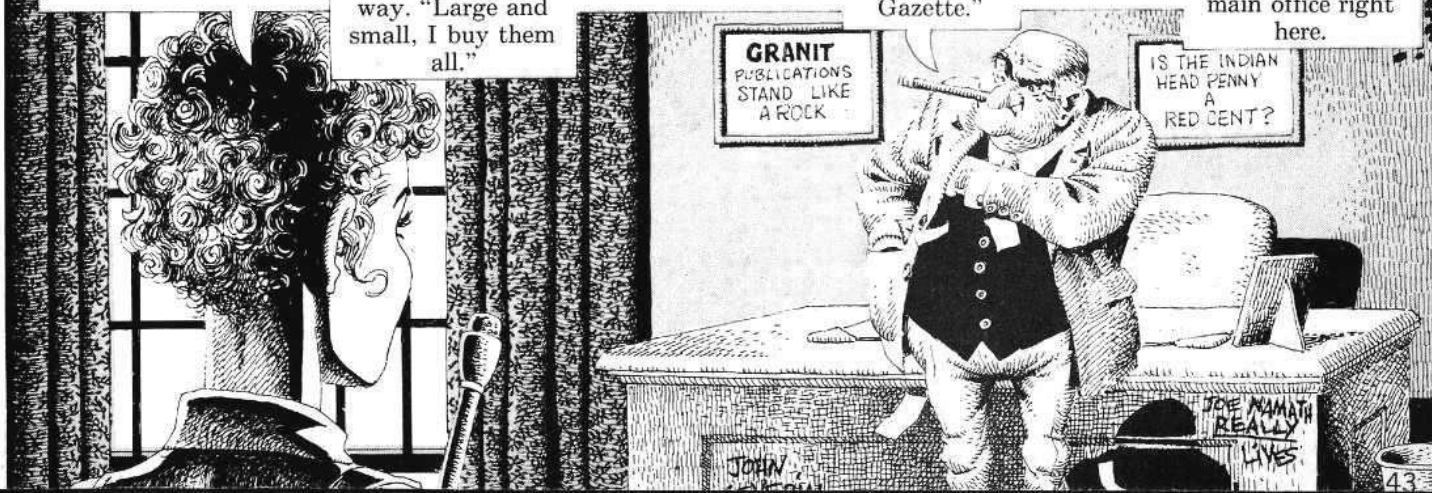
That's correct—and we're on our way. "Large and small, I buy them all."

Clever motto. What's the latest paper you're trying to acquire?

"The Howard Road Gazette."

I don't think I've ever heard of that one.

Wait—I have a picture of their main office right here.



Today you work like a horse to eat like a bird.

As you can see they're one of America's smaller dailies.

I'll say!

MICHAEL MUSELLA  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ANDY AND  
JOSH BERG  
CHAMPS

KODIAK THE REAL 'COOL FILM

Tell me sir, do you think that a reporter should have to reveal a secret source?

Never! Does Chef Boy-ar-dee reveal the secret of HIS sauce?

Getting more specific, exactly how does a newspaper work?

Well first we... look instead of me telling you, why don't I just show you since we're here in the offices of one of my finer papers—"The Oyster Bay Guardian Angel."

THE OYSTER BAY  
GUARDIAN ANGEL

OYSTERS  
ARE  
MISERS

First, the editor assigns a reporter a good story.

Ah Rodrigues, we've got nothing for the lead story on page one. Do you think your wife would mind mugging the mayor for us again?

Sure thing Mrs. Sleet.

TIME WILL HEAL  
ALL WOUNDS  
BUT  
IT DOES NOTHING  
FOR WRINKLES!

EDITOR

BEWARE OF  
MS. SLEET

Once the story is covered, the reporter then comes back to the office and bats the article out on a typewriter.

Then the story is revised and edited.

Mrs. Sleet, don't you think you changed my story a little bit too much?

Rodrigues, you did write this word.

And I don't like the idea of doubling the number of people arrested. It's twisting the facts.

Nonsense—that's called adding color to the story.

BASH!

HOW TO BURGLARISE A BIG  
THAT WAS BECAUSE THE  
AND ONLY JUST DISCOVER  
THE LAST BODY  
PUNISHED DOWN  
RENE GAGGINNY  
THE WITNESS TO THE  
BY STRANGULATION  
READERS WHO HAD  
ON MICHAEL PRITH  
THE DRAIN.  
ATTORNEY WENT  
STD NAME EACH  
GUILTY OF THIS  
CRIME.

CRACKED is deciding to swim the Atlantic Ocean, making it half way, then getting tired and turning around to swim back.



Once all the stories are in, the editor and the layout people decide where everything is to go on the page. Occasionally, there is a difference in opinion.

Mrs. Sleet, either we give the election story a 48 pt. headline or Nana here gets it.

Calm down Mr. Pleyer.

POST NO TOASTIES

Then it's sent off to our print shop and voila—you get this.

Mr. Granit, I can barely read that—everything is misspelled.

Well occasionally you do get a typographical error or two.



Is it hard getting on to the staff of one of your papers?

Not really. Right now we're seeking people with only moderate knowledge of the field.

I noticed that. That man there was turned down. Inexperienced?

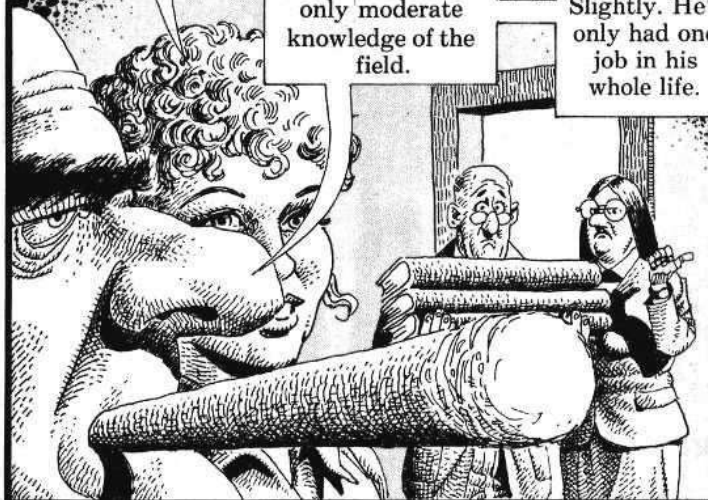
Slightly. He's only had one job in his whole life.

I can see where that could limit him. Where did he work?

"The New York Times."

Really! What did he do there?

He owned it.



Is any of the news in your paper ever slanted one way or the other?

Only when the typesetter has had one too many.

In here is our advertising department.

I've read that even in the roughest of times, the number of ads in your papers continues to climb.

That's correct and it's all due to our great staff.

They're real professionals, huh?

No, they're real blackmailers—look...

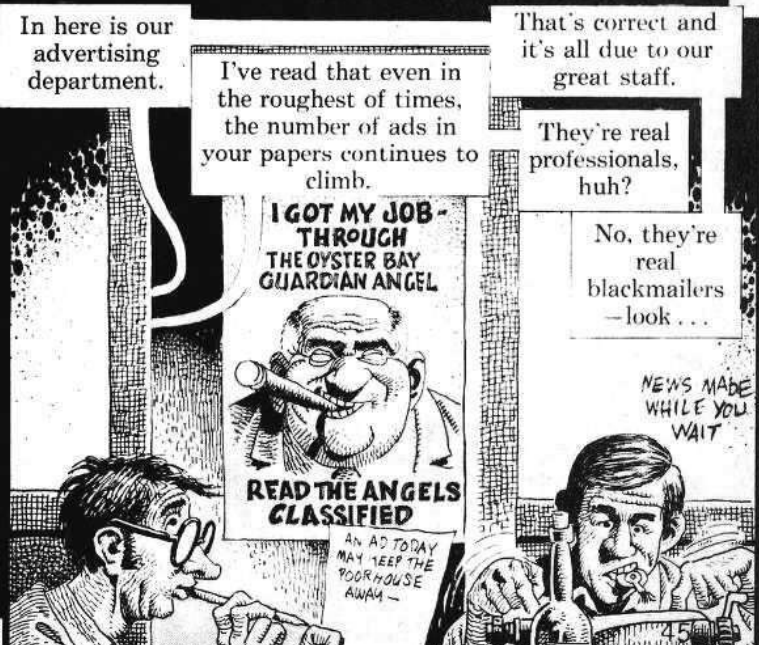
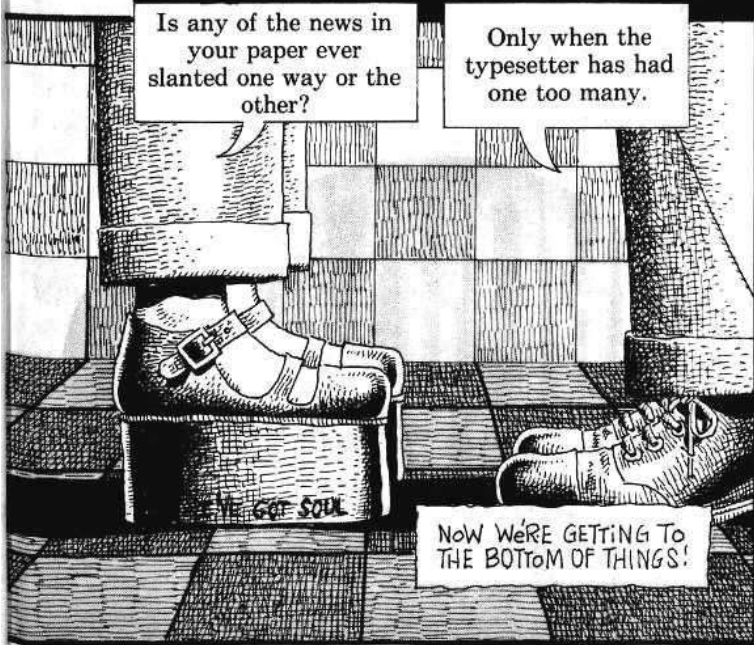
I GOT MY JOB THROUGH THE OYSTER BAY GUARDIAN ANGEL



AN AD TODAY MAY KEEP THE POORHOUSE AWAY—

NEWS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

NOW WE'RE GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!



Today, if you want to go on a starvation diet it costs you \$46.50 a week!

Mr. Pinepark would your bank care to take out a full page ad in our paper?

I'm afraid not. We've completely exhausted our advertising budget.

Oh—well then I guess we'll just have to print the story we have here about your president's compulsive littering habit.

Ah miss, is it possible to get a double page ad instead of just a single?

UNSAID SOMETHING  
YOU WISH YOU HADN'T  
IS LIKE TRYING TO  
UNRING A BELL  
R.A. NIXON

NO GUN IS  
GOOD NEWS

O.K.—editorial ideas. Rocky, you got one?

Yeah. I was on a picnic yesterday and a South American Crumdorf bug bit me. I think the paper should demand that the city spray every corner of the town to get rid of these pests. I don't wanna have to go out and spend \$2.00 for a can of bug spray on my own.

THEIR  
MISTRESS'  
VOICE!

Gabriel?

I love to eat, but can't afford it anymore. Let's demand that food be given away free to everyone.

O.K., write 'em.

And now Miss Dickering I'd like to introduce you to one of the chain's top reporters—Mr. Bill Blair.

I've long admired your work sir.

I know.

In fact, I've a letter from one of my readers who wanted me to ask you where you get the ideas for all the wonderful stories you write.

Genius Miss Dickering—creative genius.

Mr. Blair certainly has a large ego.

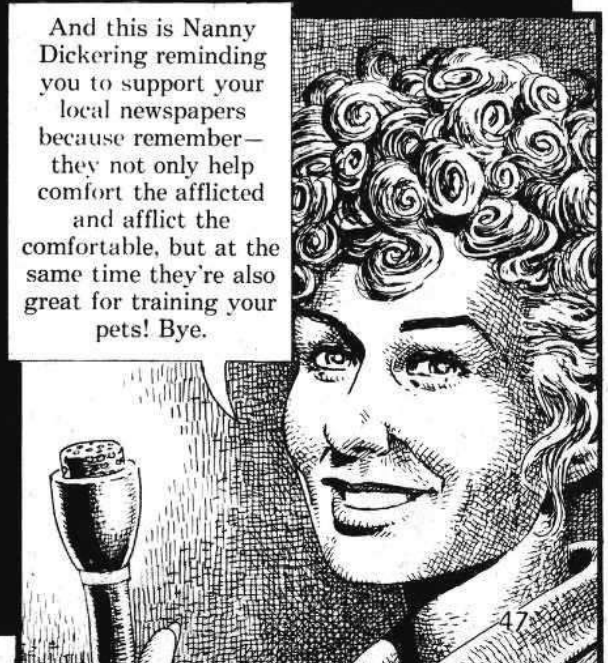
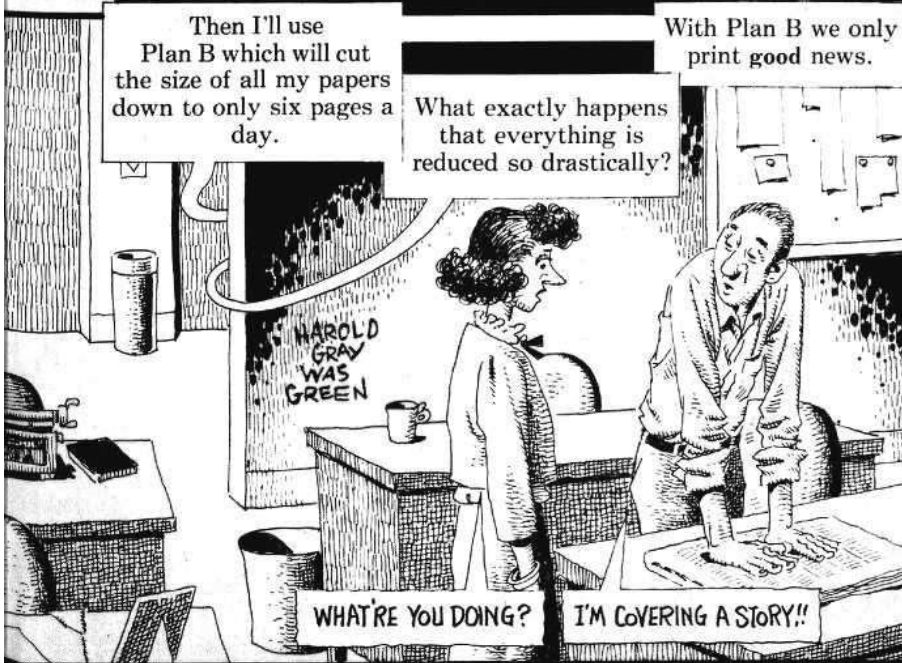
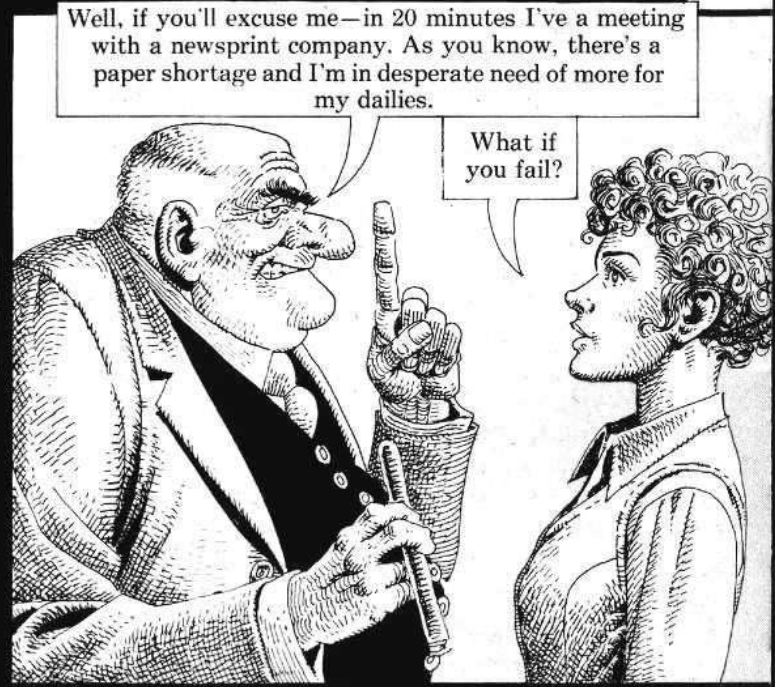
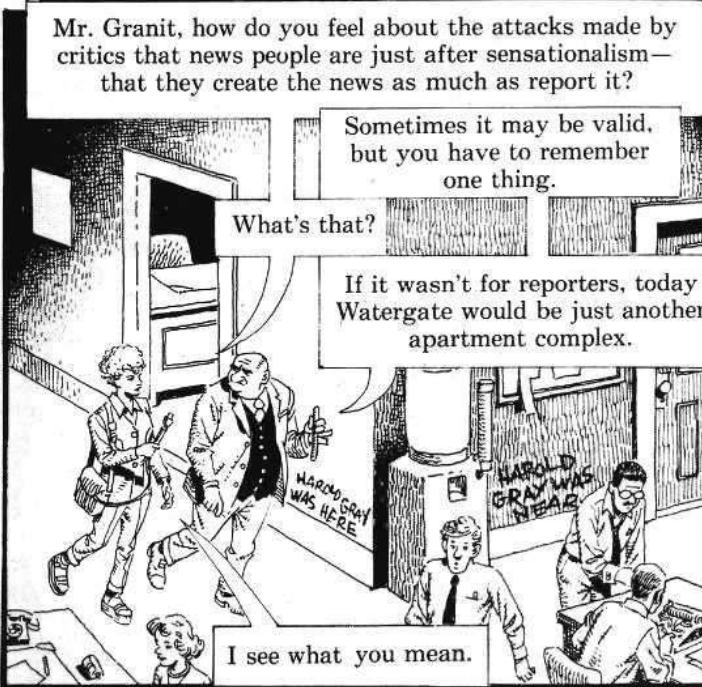
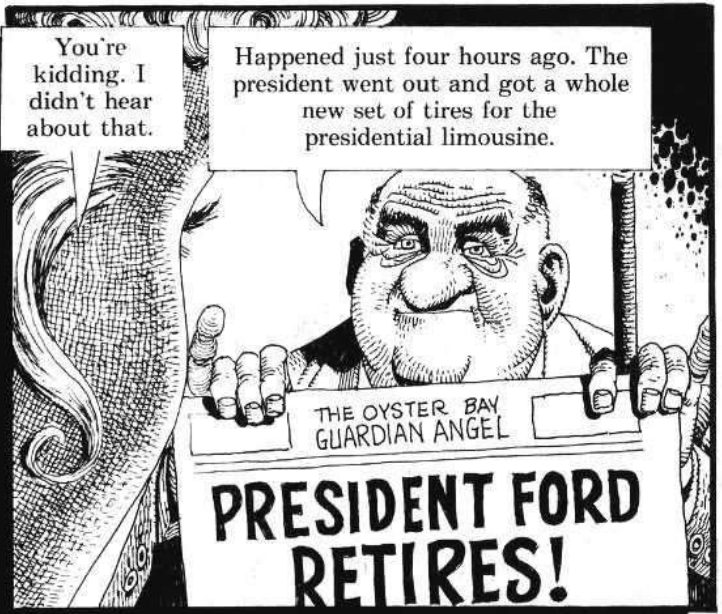
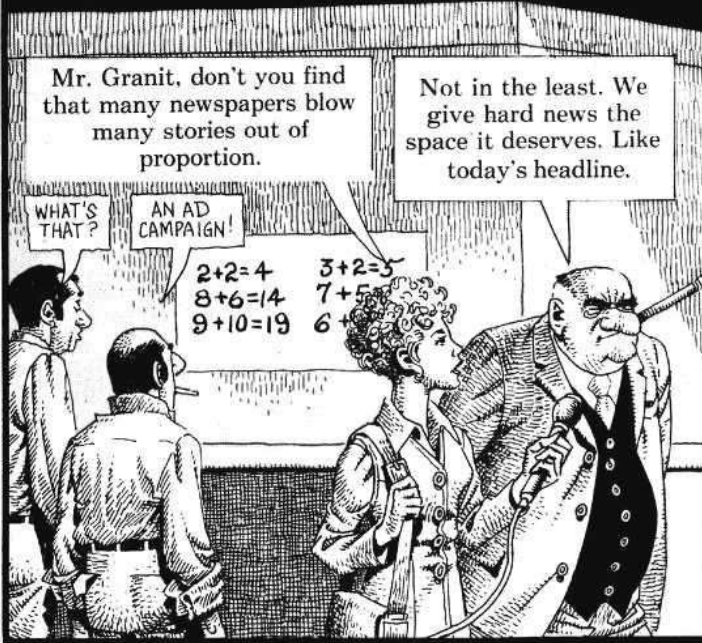
You noticed. What gave it away to you?

He charged me a quarter when I accidentally touched him.

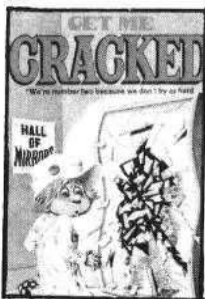
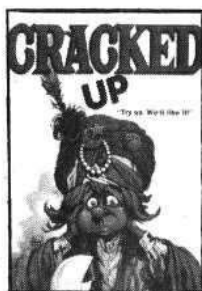
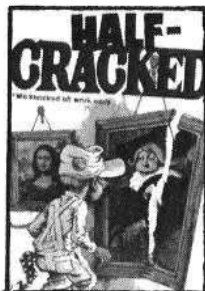
HAPPINESS  
IS  
KNOWING  
BILL BLAIR

throat and reported that it was the first piece of meat he had all year.





# HEY, YOU!



We've got what you're looking for—something to fill in those dull times between the regular issues of **CRACKED** and commercials. And don't forget, they really will fit in your pocket!

**MAJOR MAGAZINES**  
235 Park Avenue South  
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me the **CRACKED** paperbacks I have checked. I am enclosing the indicated price of each one plus 25¢ mailing and fondling charge.

- ☐ **CRACKED UP**..... 95¢
- ☐ **HALF CRACKED**.... 75¢
- ☐ **GET ME CRACKED**.. 75¢
- ☐ **YOUR CRACKED**... 95¢

Plus 25¢ each mailing charge.

..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

STATE..... ZIP .....

# STANLEY

by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero

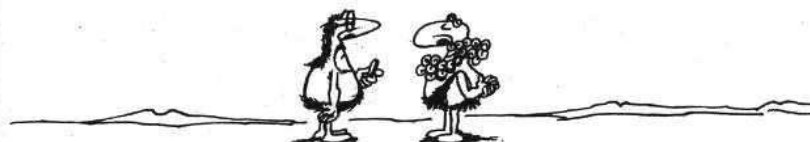
"HEY GUS, I'VE  
INVENTED MONEY!"



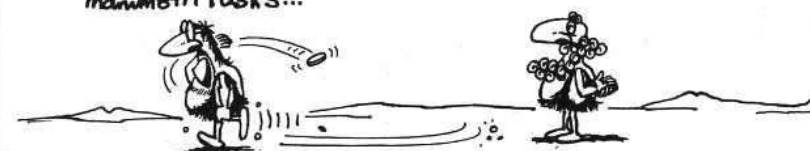
"A small, convenient trinket  
to save carting about elephant tusks  
and barrels of  
money for  
swopping..."



"That's a wonderful idea Stanley!  
All that is now required is to establish  
it's EXCHANGE RATE, it's PARITY with gold, sterling  
and the German mark. Whether  
it should REVALUE, DEVALUE or  
float to find its own level. And  
how to maintain its VALUE in  
the face of GALLOPING INFLATION..."

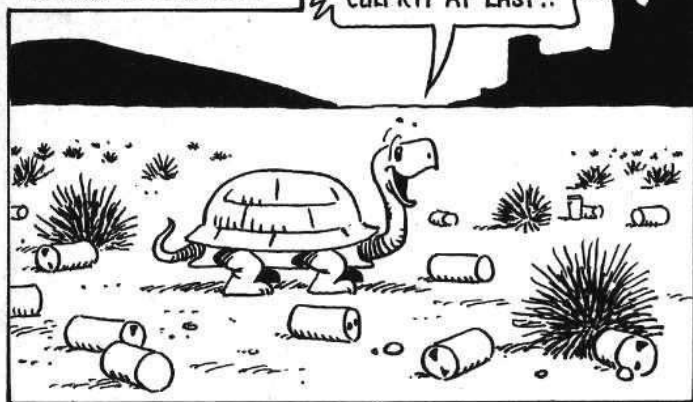


"I'd rather have  
a pocket full of  
mammoth tusks..."



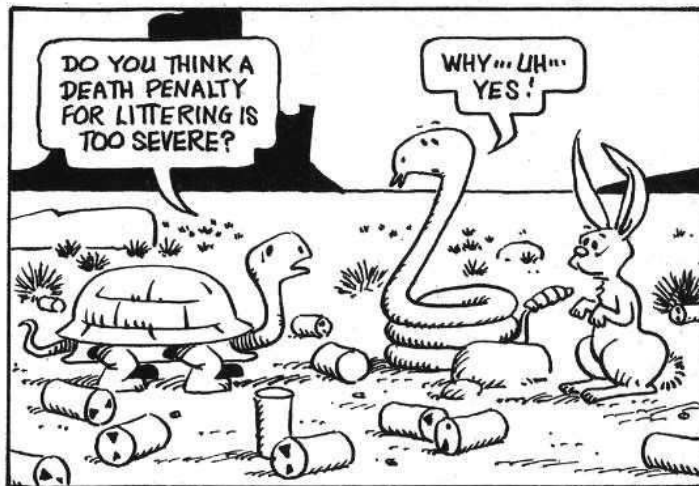


**YAHOO! WE HAVE THE  
CULPRIT AT LAST!!**

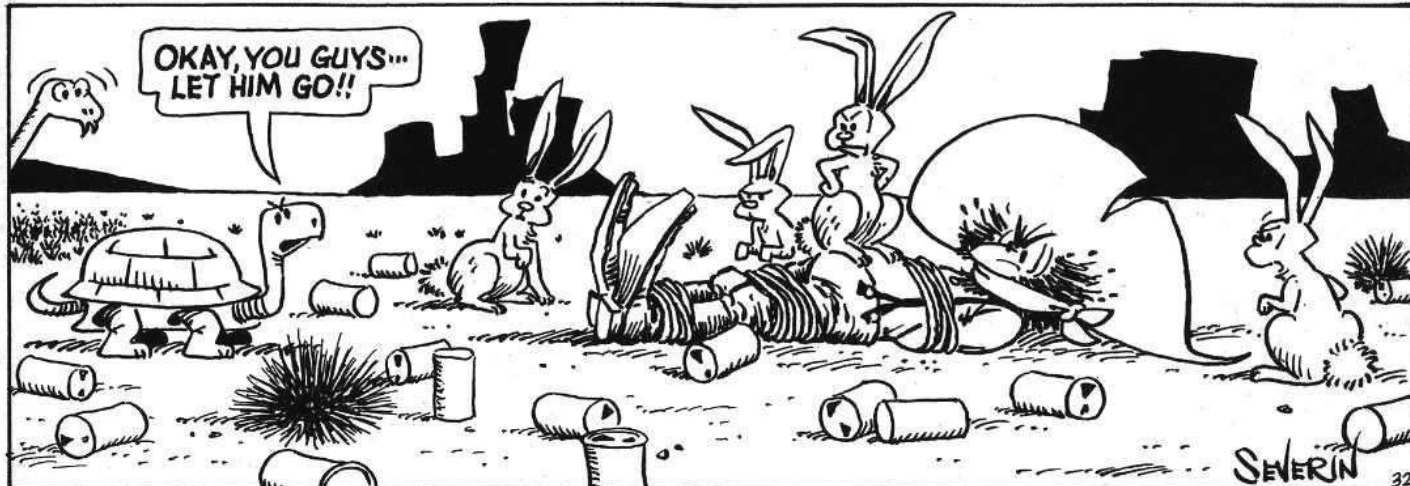


**DO YOU THINK A  
DEATH PENALTY  
FOR LITTERING IS  
TOO SEVERE?**

**WHY...UH...  
YES!**



**OKAY, YOU GUYS...  
LET HIM GO!!**

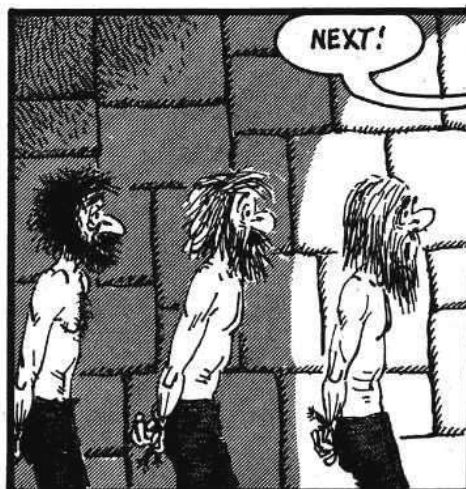


SEVERIN 32

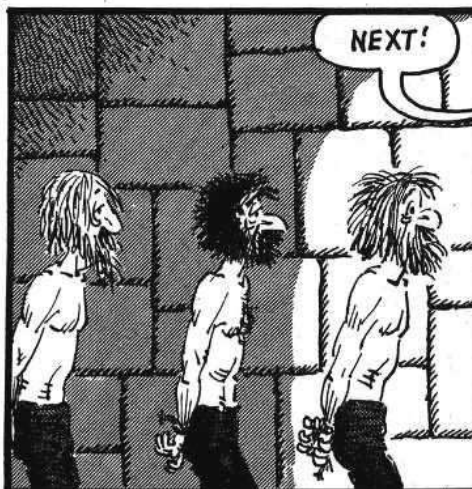
# ve Hang Ups

32

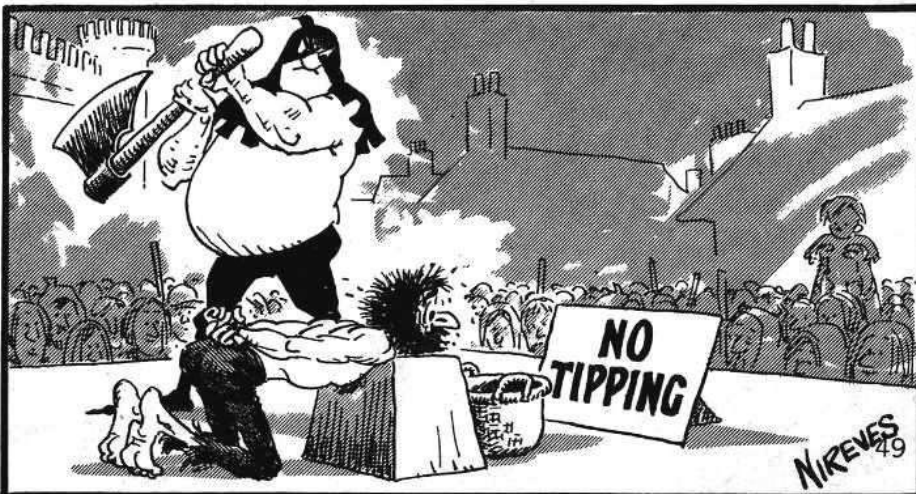
**NEXT!**



**NEXT!**



**I HEAR THIS HEADSMAN  
IS DEDICATED TO HIS JOB!**



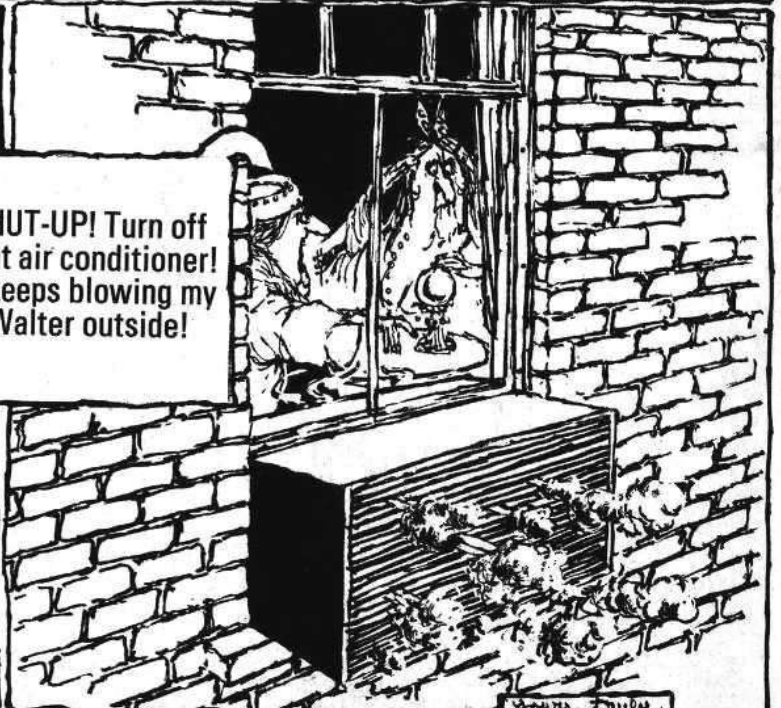
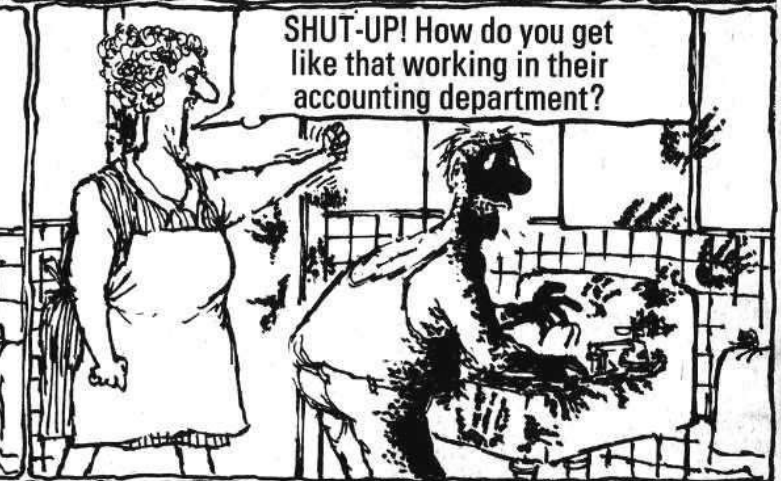
NIREVES 49

# SHUT-UPS

HOLD TO MIRROR

CRACKED'S SECRET MESSAGE

AMIRAH-8X-X:Imepa A.I.O:raitimetta  
 ruoy pminvilek fud keshromme  
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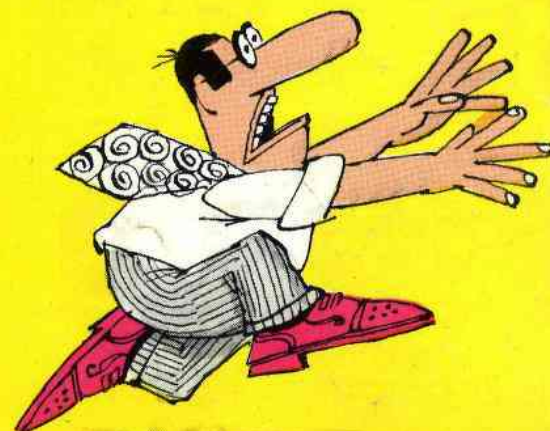
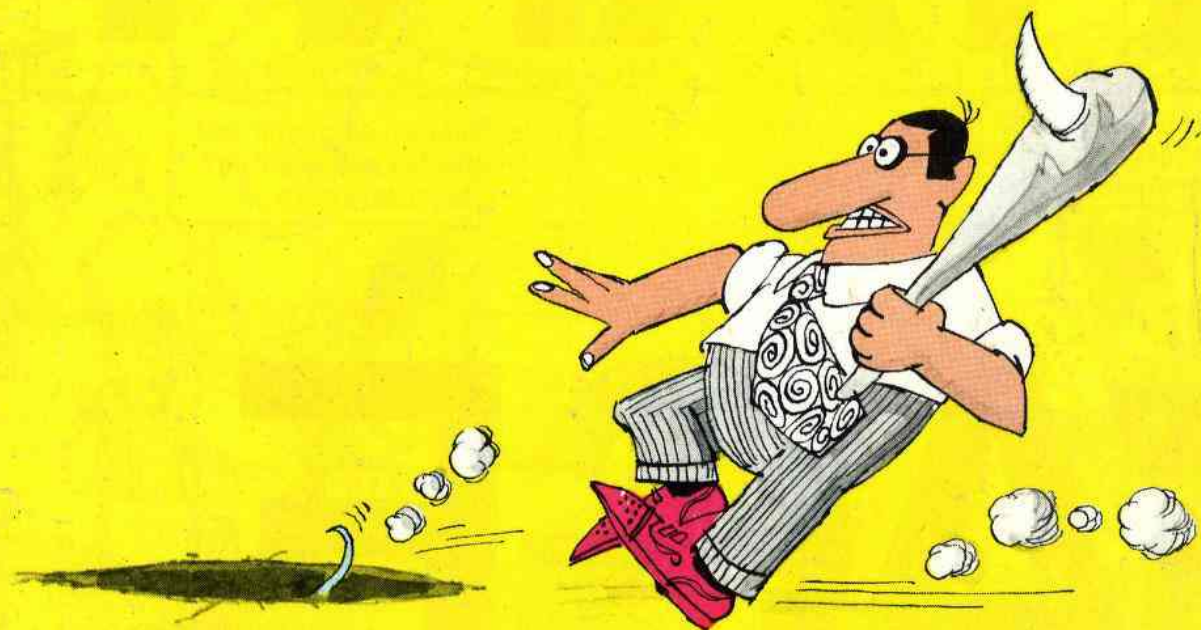
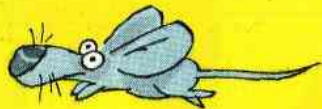
# RTANT

# SAGE

YOU'RE  
STANDING  
TOO CLOSE  
TO THIS  
POSTER!



# The Man and The Mousey...



OSKAR  
BLÖTTA